

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY

WITH NOTES

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Gems of English Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

“ You little twinkling stars that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

“ I am not happy lying here,
With neither book nor toy,
For I am sent to bed because
I've been a naughty boy.

“ If you will listen, little stars,
I'll tell you all I did :
I only said I would not do
The thing that I was bid.

“ I'm six years old this very day,
And I can write and read,
And not to have my own way yet
Is very hard indeed.

“ I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak ;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.

"If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds,
And round about the Pole !

"The moon that once was round and full
Is now a silver boat ;
We'd launch it off that silver cloud,
And then—how we should float !

"Does anybody say, ' Be still !'
When we would dance or play ?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way ?

"Oh, tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west
So patiently and slow."

*"We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way ;
We never question—when He speaks
We listen and obey."*

AUNT EFFIE.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

THE VIOLET.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bow'r
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water.
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like to heaven above.

ANON.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
And watched the dancing foam ;
He gazed upon the leaping waves
Which soon would be his home.

And then he eyed his sailor's garb
With look of proud delight—
The flowing kerchief round his neck,
The trousers wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day ;
Hope played within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay.

And many a time the sturdy boy
Longed for the hour to come,
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home.

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimmed her sails,
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach ;
A mother's arms have pressed him ;
A sister's hand is linked in his ;
A father's lip hath blessed him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swollen with many a tear ;
His young heart feels a choking pang
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob,
And now the struggle's o'er,
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam.
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him—
The ocean is his home.

ELIZA COOK.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar ;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar ;

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil ;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

The papers always are mislaid—
Who had them last but he ?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill ; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots : they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

ANON.

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and 'very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree.

"You run about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
 And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
 I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane ;
 In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
 And then she went away,

WE ARE SEVEN.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My Brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then ?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
"Oh, master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

W. WORDSWORTH.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently ; it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently ; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one ;
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently ; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

ANON.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave.
But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
'Tis the herald of Mercy as well as of Might.

In the cause of the wronged may it ever be first,
When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst ;
Be "Justice !" the war-shout, and dastard is he
Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free !

It may trail o'er the halcyards, a bullet-torn rag,
Or flutter in shreds from the battlement-crag ;
Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
Till it sweep the last glorious fragment away.

What matter ! We'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
Or the soldier's red sash from the spear-head should fly :
Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see
The proud signal and own it—the Flag of the Free !

Have we ever looked out from a far foreign shore
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore?
And watched every speck that arose on the foam,
In hope of glad tidings from country and home?

Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?
Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be
The fair streamer of England—the Flag of the Free!

ELIZA COOK.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Beside a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below.
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite o'ercome by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And, standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing perhaps; or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass.
“How d'ye do?” said the cow. “How d'ye do?” said
the ass.

"Take a seat," said the cow, gently waving her hand.

"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand."

Then, stopping to drink with a most polite bow,

"Ma'am, your health," said the ass. "Thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,

They laid themselves down on the herbage at last ;

And waiting politely—as gentlemen must—

The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,

"Dont you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man ?

'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind :

We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

"Pray, what is the reason—I see none at all—

That I always must go when Suke chooses to call ?

Whatever I'm doing—'tis certainly hard—

I'm forced to leave off, to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,

And give them my milk to make butter and cheese ;

Sometimes I try hard to knock over the pail,

Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail !"

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—

Oh dear ! I beg pardon—pray finish your speech.

Excuse my mistake," said this most polite swain ;

"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I'll serve ;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,
And then, "Not presuming to teach," he began,
"Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

"That you afford man an important supply,
No ass in his sense would ever deny ;
But then in return, 'tis but fair to allow,
They are of some service to you, Mistress Cow.

"'Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,
And they find you a shelter from winterly snows ;
For comforts like these we're indebted to man,
And for him, in return, should do all that we can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be taught in this way by an ass.
"Yet," said she to herself, "though he's not very
bright,
I really believe that the fellow is right !"

JANE TAYLOR.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone ;
And the first deep gun of an ocean-fight
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England,
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the bannered line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths
played
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion
Its echeoes have been known,
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains,
Its pealing note hath stirred—
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word !

MRS. HEMANS.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home !
There's no place like home !

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain ;
Ah, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing sweetly that came at my call—
Give me them and that peace of mind, dearer
than all.

Home, home, sweet home !
There's no place like home !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence ;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway—
A sudden raid from the hall—
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart. 36

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yea, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away! 40

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A WASP AND A BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I? 3

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold ;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told." 6

"Ah, cousin !" the bee said, "it's all very true ;
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you. 9

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing ;
They own you are handsome, but then there's one
thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting. 12

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
 Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
 Because I'm a harmless and diligent bee," 15

From this little story, let people beware,
 Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
 They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair. 18
 ANON.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

Toll for the brave,
 The brave that are no more :
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore. 4

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side. 8

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the *Royal George*,
 With all her crew complete ! 12

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone :
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done. 16

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. 19

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men. 24

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes. 28

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main. 32

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more. 36

WILLIAM COWPER.

TRY AGAIN.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think ;
'Tis true he was monarch and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink. 4

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad ;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad. 8:

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be,
And after a while, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he. 12:

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clue,
And the King in the midst of his thinking stopped.
To see what the spider would do. 16

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine. 20:

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour ;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever. 24:

Up, up it ran, not a second could stay,
To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint. 28:

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher ;
“Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire. 32

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted. 36

“Sure,” cried the King, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, 40
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more—
Ah me ! ’tis an anxious minute.
He’s only a foot from his cobweb door ;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it ? 44

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot. 48

“Bravo ! bravo !” the King cried out,
“All honour to those who try !
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?” 52

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
 And gossips tell the tale,
 That he tried once more as he tried before,
 And that time did not fail.

56

ELIZA COOK.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

I.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the Sands of Dee."
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

6

II.

The western tide erept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
 And never home came she.

12

III.

"Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drowned maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee."

18

IV.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee. 24

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
"Not there, not there, my child." 7

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
"Not there, not there, my child." 14

“Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine.
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
 strand—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?”

“Not there, not there, my child.

21

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child.”

28

MRS. HEMANS.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day’s renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark’s crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

9

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of the battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It is ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

18

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when
 each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

27

IV.

Again—again—again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.

Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then cease, and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

36

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
"Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

45

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

54

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

63

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou.
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

72

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
is done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour has the crowning victory
won.

2

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they are bringing forth
to die. 4

Then exclaimed that noble captive : "Lo, I perish in my
thirst !
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the
worst !" 6

In his hand he took the goblet ; but awhile the draught
forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to ex-
plore. 8

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him
angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man
enclose. 10

"But what fear'st thou ;" cried the Caliph ; "is it, friend,
a secret blow ?
Fear it not ! our gallant Moslem no such treacherous
dealing know. 12

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt
not die before
That hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve is thine,
—no more !" 14

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth
with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever,lost amid the burning sand, 16

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of
that cup
I have drained ; then bid thy servants that spilled water
gather up." 18

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions
stirred,
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a mon-
arch's word ! 20

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian
give.
Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid thee drink
and live !" 22

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH.

1. Now, hands to the plough, boys, cheerily
Let us furrow the fallow field,
Preparing the soil to receive the seed,
And a harvest to man to yield :
For the seedtime has come, and merrily
The seed from the broad sheet we fling,
For surely we know that the seed which we sow.
A reward for our labour will bring. 8

2. Now, hands to the plough, boys, manfully,
 As toiling o'er valley and hill—
 Let us guide the plough with a strong sure grasp,
 Let us work with a hearty will ;
 Let us cover the good seed carefully,
 In the lap of the warm, brown earth :
 Then to us shall the time of the harvest prove
 A season of gladness and mirth. 16

3. Now, hands to the plough, boys, warily.
 Let the furrow be straight and fair :
 The time of our sowing full often we find.
 A season of labour and care :
 And e'en as we labour unsparingly
 The seed in its season to sow,
 So joy shall be ours, when we garner the grain
 In the glory of autumn's glow. 24

CHISHOLM.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the
 best,
 And the children stood watching them out of
 the town :
 For men must work and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning. 7

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Through storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be meaning.

14

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands
For those who will never come home to the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

21

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

4

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning. 8

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. 12

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow. 16

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing. 28

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory. 32
 CHARLES WOLFE.

 THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing called Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy ! 4

You talk of wondrous things you see ;
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ? 8

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day. 12

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know. 16

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy :
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy. 20

Colley Cibber.

THE IRISH HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was
nigh,

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray. 4

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, while the sorrow was big in her heart :
'Oh ! remember your Sheelah, when far far away ;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.' 8

Poor dog ! he was faithful, and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray. 12

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray. 16

Though my wallet was scant, I remember his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray. 20

Where now shall I go, poor forsaken and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray. 24

T. Campbell.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and
spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground ;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree :

“Oh, what will become,” says the cricket, “of me ?”

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain :
A mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow :

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow. 18

Says the ant to the cricket, ‘I’m your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend ;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm ?’ Said the cricket, ‘Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay.’

‘You sang, sir, you say ?’

Go then,’ said the ant, ‘and *dance* winter away.’ 27

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good :
If you live without work, you must live without food. 31
Unknown.

GELERT.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn. 4

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
'Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ! 8

'Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race !
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase !' 12

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on. 16

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there. 20

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet. 24

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood ! 28

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise
 And crouched and licked his feet. 32

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view, 36

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
 With recent blood besprent. 40

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
 But nowhere found his child ! 44

'Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured !'
The frantic father cried ;
Aud to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side ! 48

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart. 52

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :—
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry ! 56

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed. 60

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn or dead,—
Tremendous still in death ! 64

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir. 68

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
 'Best of thy kind, adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid thee low
 This heart shall ever rue !' 72

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect. 76

There never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmoved ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved. 80

And there he hung his horn and spear ;
 And there, as evening fell,
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell. 84

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of 'Gelert's Grave.' 88
The Hon. Wm. R. Spencer.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands ;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands. 6

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man. 12

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low. 18

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor. 24

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes. 36

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun
 Each evening sees it close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose. 42

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought. 48

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

1. Still stands the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And black berry-vines are running. 4
2. Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep-scarred by raps official ;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jackknife-carved initial ; 8
3. The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing ! 12

4. Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting. 16
5. It touched the tangled golden curls,
And eyes with grief o'erflowing,
Of one who in her steps delayed
When all to school were going. 20
6. For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled ;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled. 24
7. Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, she lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered. 28
8. He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing. 32
6. 'I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because'—the brown eyes lower fell—
'Because, you see, I love you.' 36

10. Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing ! 40
11. He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him. 44

Whittier.

THE SUNBEAM.

1. Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art and a wealth to all !
A bearer of hope unto land and sea :
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ; 4
2. Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ?
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home, 8
3. To the solemn depths of the forest-shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below. 8
4. I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array ;
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame. 12

5. I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
 But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
 And it laughed into beauty at ~~that~~ bright spell. 20
6. Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like thee ?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !
One thing is like thee to mortals given—
 The faith touching all things with hues of heaven !

24

Mrs. Hemans.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

1. Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
 Or tread on each other's toes,
 For the world at best, in its great unrest,
 Is hard enough as it goes.
 Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak,
 Till the latter go to the wall ?
 On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
 There is room enough for all. 8
2. If a lagging brother falls behind,
 And drops from the toiling band ;
 If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
 Then lend him a helping hand.
 Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
 Nor season the speech with gall :
 In the great highway, on the busiest day,
 There's room enough for all. 16

3. If a man with the tread of a pioneer
 Steps out on your track ahead,
 Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
 For the mightiest once were led.
 But gird your loins for the coming day—
 Let nothing your heart appal ;
 Catch up, if you can, with the forward man.
 There is room enough for all. 24
4. And if, by doing your duty well,
 You should get to lead the van,
 Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
 But come out an honest man.
 Keep a bright look-out on every side.
 Till, heeding the Master's call,
 Your soul should go, from the world below,
 Where there's room enough for all. 32
-

THE RETIRED CAT.

A poet's cat, sedate and grave,
 As poet well could wish to have,
 Was much addicted to inquire
 For nooks, to which she might retire,
 And where, secure as mouse in chink, 5
 She might repose, or sit and think.
 I know not where she caught the trick—
 Nature perhaps herself had cast her
 In such a mould Philosophique,
 Or else she learn'd it of her master. 10

Sometimes ascending debonair,
An apple-tree or lofty pear,
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gard'ner at his work ;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought 15
In an old empty wat'ring pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparell'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court. 20

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race ;
Cats also feel as well as we
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find, 25
Expos'd her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within :
She therefore wish'd instead of those
Some place of more serene repose, 30

Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.
A draw'r,—it chanc'd at bottom lin'd 35
With linen of the softest kind,

With such as merchants introduce
 From India, for the ladies' use—
 A draw'r impending o'er the rest,
 Half open in the topmost chest, 40

Of depth enough, and none to spare,
 Invited her to slumber there.
 Puss with delight beyond expression,
 Survey'd the scene, and took possession.
 Recumbent at her ease ere long, 45
 And lull'd by her own hum-drum song.
 She left the cares of life behind,
 And slept as she would sleep her last,
 When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
 The chambermaid, and shut it fast, 50

By no malignity impell'd
 But all unconscious whom it held.
 Awaken'd by the shock (cried puss)
 Was ever cat attended thus!
 The open draw'r was left, I see, 55
 Merely to prove a nest for me,
 For soon as I was well compos'd,
 Then came the maid, and it was closed:
 How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet,
 O what a delicate retreat! 60

I will resign myself to rest
 Till Sol, declining in the west,
 Shall call to supper: when, no doubt,
 Susan will come and let me out: 64

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remain'd still unattended.
The night roll'd tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening gray again ensued, 70

And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presag'd approaching doom,
Not slept a single wink, or purr'd, 75
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching,
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—what' is that? 80

He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And doubtful what, with prudent care, 85
Resolv'd it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears; 90

He left his bed, he trod the floor,
 He 'gan in haste the draw'rs explore,
 The lowest first, and without stop,
 The rest in order to the top.
 For 'tis a truth well known to most, 95
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In ev'ry cranny but the right.
 Forth skipp'd the cat ; not now replete
 As erst with airy self-conceit, 100

Nor in her own fond apprehension,
 A theme for all the world's attention,
 But modest, sober, cur'd of all
 Her notions hyperbolical, 104
 And wishing for a place of rest
 Anything rather than a chest :
 Then stept the poet into bed,
 With this reflexion in his head : 108

MORAL

Beware of too sublime a sense
 Of your own worth and consequence !
 The man who dreams himself so great,
 And his importance of such weight, 112
 That all around, in all that's done,
 Must move and act for him alone,
 Will learn, in school of tribulation,
 The folly of his expectation. 116

W. COWPER.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine. 6

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round. 12

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory. 18

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.' 24

‘Now tell us what ’twas all about,’
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
‘Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.’ 30

‘It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,
‘Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,’ quoth he,
‘That ’twas a famous victory.’ 36

‘My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.’ 42

‘With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.’ 48

‘They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

54

‘Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
 And our good Prince Eugene.’
 ‘Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !’
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 ‘Nay—nay—my little girl,’ quoth he,
 ‘It was a famous victory.

60.

‘And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.’
 ‘But what good came of it at last ?’
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 ‘Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he,
 ‘But ’twas a famous victory.’

64.

R. SOUTHEY.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

It was six men of Indostan,
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the Elephant
 (Though all of them were blind),
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.

6

The First approached the Elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl :
'God bless me ! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall !'

12

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried : 'Ho ! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp ?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear !'

18

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake :
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant
Is very like a snake !'

24

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee :
'What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,' quoth he ;
'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree !'

30

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said : 'E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most ;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan !' 36

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his 'scope,
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant
Is very like a rope !' 42

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong ! 48
F. G. Saxe.

HAPPY AS A KING.

I know a little man who is happy all day long ;
He works as hard's he can, and he cheers his life with
song ;
For as he works he sings, you can hear him if you may,
The little village rings with his singing all the day.

'Tap, tap, tap, I'm as happy as a king ;
Tap, tap, tap, while I mend my boots and shoes ;
Tap, tap, tap, I can work and I can sing,
And I think that everybody can be happy if they choose.

8

In summer days he throws his wee window open wide,
And everybody knows of the happy man inside ;
For wafted on the wind comes the music of his lays,
And if you have a mind, you can hear whate'er he says.
And whether shine or shower, it is all the same to him,
From morning's earliest hour, till the light of day is dim,
He works and sings his song, and he smiles to every one,
While all the village throng round his door when school
is done.

16

'I've got my work,' he sings, 'to provide me food and
clothes,
And my labour ever brings all the sweets of sound repose ;
And so I sing my song, working on from morn till night ;
If anything goes wrong, I just sing to set it right.

Tap, tap, tap, I'm as happy as a king ;
Tap, tap, tap, while I mend my boots and shoes ;
Tap, tap, tap, I can work and I can sing.
And I think that everybody can be happy if they choose.'

24

Gabriel Setoun.

BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground. 4

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well. 9

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there. 13

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old. 17

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all. 21

'I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn.' 25

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again. 29

In the morning as he entered the hall
When his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame. 33

As he looked there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
'My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.' 37

Another came running presently.
And he was pale as pale could be,
'Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly !' quoth he,
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !' 42

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,
' 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.' 46

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loop-holes there. 50

He laid him down and closed his eyes ;—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came. 54

He listened and looked—it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near. 58

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent. 62

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more,
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore. 66

Down on his knees the Bishop fell
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear. 70

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go. 76

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him ! 80

R. Southey.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee ;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he ;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
'I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me !' 8

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend !" said old King Hal,
'Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee ?' 16

The miller smiled and doffed his cap :
 'I earn my bread,' quoth he ;
 'I love my wife, I love my friends,
 I love my children three ;
 I owe no penny I cannot 'pay ;
 I thank the river Dee,
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me'. 24

'Good friend,' said Hal, and sighed the while,
 'Farewell ! and happy be ;
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee !
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee !' 32

G. Mackay.

LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
 And when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child. 4

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
 She dwelt on a wide moor—
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door ! 8

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen. 12

‘To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’ 16

‘That, father, will I gladly do :
‘Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.’ 20

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand. 24

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke. 28

The snow came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town. 32

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide. 36

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
'In heaven we all shall meet' :
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet. 44

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ; 48

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came. 52

They followed from the snowy bank
These footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none ! 56

—Yet some maintain that to this day

She is a living child ;

That you may see sweet Lucy Gray

Upon the lonesome wild.

60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,

And never looks behind ;

And sings a solitary song

That whistles in the wind.

64

Wm. Wordsworth.

THE SEA.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,

The blue, the fresh, the ever free !

Without a mark, without a bound,

It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;

It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;

Or like a cradled creature lies.

6

I'm on the sea ! I'am on the sea !

I am where I would ever be ;

With the blue above, and the blue below,

And silence wheresoe'er I go ;

If a storm should come and awake the deep,

What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

12

I love—oh, how I love!—to ride
On the fierce, foaming, brushing tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow. 18

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea. 24

The waves were white, and red the morn
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child ! 30

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life ;
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea ! 36

Barry Cornwall.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck

Whence all but he had fled ;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck

Shone round him o'er the dead.

4

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,

As born to rule the storm—

A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though childlike form.

8

The flames rolled on—he would not go

Without his father's word ;

That father, faint in death below,

His voice no longer heard.

12

He called aloud :—‘Say, father, say

If yet my task is done !’

He knew not that the chieftain lay

Unconscious of his son.

16

‘Speak, father !’ once again he cried,

‘If I may yet be gone !’

And but the booming shots replied,

And fast the flames rolled on.

20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And looked from that lone post of death

In still yet brave despair ;

24

And shouted but once more aloud,
 ‘My father ! must I stay ?’
While o’er him fast through sail and shroud
 The wreathing fires made way. 28

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky. 32

Then came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea !— 36

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part ;—
But the noblest thing which perished there
 Was that young faithful heart. 40

F. HEMANS.

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
 Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
 Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving
 Hidden springs arise ;
Or, if need be, showers
 Feed them from the skies. 8

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth. 16

Give thy heart's best treasures—
From fair Nature learn ;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return !
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more. 24

A. A. PROCTER.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done ! On Ganga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side, 5

Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams ;
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindu cooks his simpler food. 10

Come, walk with me the jungle through ;
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude ;
 Now (taught by recent harm to shun 15
 The thunders of the English gun)
 A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake. 20
 Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
 'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The pipal spreads its haunted shade ;
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe, 25
 Fit warder in the gate of Death !
 Come on ! Yet pause ! Behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
 Where, geranium oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom, 30
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
 The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk ananas' prickly blade ; 35

While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes, 40
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod ;
Yet who in Indian bow'rs has stood,
But thought on England's " good green wood ? " 45
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain !)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?
A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry 50
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scanty serve to guide our way.
Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes a thousand eyes : 55
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While, to this cooler air confest, 60
The broad dhatura bares her breast
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still, as we pass, in soften'd hum
Along the breezy alleys come 65

The village song, the horn, the drum.
 Still, as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
 And what is she, whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugarcane ? 70
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !
 It is—it must be—Philomel !
 Enough, enough ; the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 The flashes of the summer sky 75
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind. 80
 But oh ! with thankful hearts confess.
 Ev'n here there may be happiness ;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth, his hope of heaven.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

*Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be ;
 When we are grown and take our place,
 As men and women with our race.*

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE RIVULET.

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Summer is fairly begun.
 Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
 And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines ;
 Run, little rivulet, run ! 5

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Sing to the fields of the sun,
 That wavers in emerald, shivers in gold,
 Where you glide from your rocky ravine crystal-cold ;
 Run, little rivulet, run ! 10

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Sing of the flowers, every one,—
 Of the delicate harebell and violet blue ;
 Of the red mountain-rosebud, all dripping with dew ;
 Run, little rivulet, run ! 15

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Carry the perfume you won
 From the lily that woke when the morning was grey,
 To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay ;
 Run, little rivulet, run ! 20

Run, little rivulet, run !
 Stay not till summer is done !
 'Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee ;
 'Carry the joy of the hills to the sea ;
 Run, little rivulet, run ! 25

LUCY LARCOM.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night.
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ? 4

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ? 8

And what shoulder and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet ? 12

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
 In what furance was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp ? 16

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ? 24

WM 'BLAKE.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.' 4

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. 8

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather. 12

'His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ?' 16

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :

20

‘And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.’ 24

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking. 28

But still as wilder,blew the wind,
And as the night drew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. 32

‘O, haste thee, haste !’ the lady cries,
 ‘Though tempests round us gather ;
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.’ 36

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her. 40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing. 44

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover. 48

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—O, my daughter !' 52

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
'The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting. 56

T. CAMPBELL.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass. 6

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb ! 12

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been. 18

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks. 24

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves ! 30

F. HEMANS.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

SIREN.

COME, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me ;
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil 5
That travail in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease, 10
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these ;
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth ;
To spend the time luxuriously 15
Becomes not men of worth.

SIREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceived
With that unreal name,
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame, 20
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life, our rest.
And give us up to toil.

ULYSSES.

Delicious Nymph, suppose there were 25
 Nor honour, nor report,
 Yet manliness would scorn to wear
 The time in idle sport ;
 For toil doth give a better touch
 To make us feel our joy, 30
 And ease finds tediousness as much
 As labour yields annoy.

SIREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
 Whereto tends all your toil,
 Which you forego to make it more, 35
 And perish oft the while.
 Who may disport them diversely
 Find never tedious day,
 And ease may have variety
 As well as action may. 40

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toils and dangers please,
 And they take comfort in the same
 As much as you in ease ;
 And with the thought of actions past 45
 Are recreated still,
 While pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To show that it was ill.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

FROM INDIA.

O come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have 4
widow's prayer !

'Oh, I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the
war ;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are ;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my com-
rades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert
bade me tell.' 8

'And do you know my Robert, now? oh, tell me, tell me
true—
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you !
His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every
one !
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son !'
12

'Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were
there ;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share :
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouched by steel or ball ;
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought
him safe through all.' 16

'O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's
prayer,

The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare !
O blessed be God, that turned from him the sword and
shot away !—

And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say ?'

'Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was
done.

In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised
your son ;

A medal and a pension's his ; good luck to him, I say ;
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-
day.'

24

'Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue ! O husband, that
you knew

How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone
through ;

All I have done and borne for him the long years since
you're dead !

But, soldier, tell me how he looked, and all my Robert
said.'

'He's bronzed, and tanned, and bearded, and you'd hard-
ly know him, dame ;

We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's
the same ;

For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one
tune ;—

But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you
soon.'

'Oh ! is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home ? -and when, when will
it be ?

Did you say soon ?'—'Well, he is home ; keep cool, old
dame ; he's here.'—

'O Robert, my own blessed boy !'—'O mother—mother
dear !

36

WM C. BENNET.

TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand 5
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—'Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the spear and sword ! 10
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord !'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel 15
blade
As the crown of his desire ;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free. 20
And they sang—'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true !'

But a sudden change came o'er his heart, 25
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind, 30
That the land was red with blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—'Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose 35
joy
Is to slay their fellow man.'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low. 40
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang—'Hurra for my handicraft !' 45.
And the red sparks lit the air ;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made,'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands, 50.
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the
wall,
And ploughed the willing lands ;
And sang—'Hurra for Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough 55.
To him our praise shall be.'

C. MACKAY.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me.
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. 10

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day. 15

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time. 20

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, 25
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease, 30
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction 35
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice. 40

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE POND.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too ;
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark, weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair, 5
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there :
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To discuss their affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to
converse ;

I'm sorry I cannot include in verse ; 10
For, though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,
Now standing tail upward, now diving below : 15
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try ;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly ;
Though her mother had told her she must not go
near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear. 20

"My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught that I see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she ;
"Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are
round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned ?

"Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck ? 25
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck !
For," said she—spite of all that her mother had
taught her—
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were
true ; 30
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent ;
The harder she struggled the deeper she went,
And when every effort had vainly been tried, 35
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died !

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its
back ;
And, by their grave gestures and looks, 'twas
apparent
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.
JANE TAYLOR.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are, 5
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; who never understood 10
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed ; 15
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

THE HONEST MAN.

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due. 5

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind ;
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind. 10

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the things and the example weigh :
 All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for he doth pay. 15

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit ;
 His words, and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight. 20

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :
 The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue, Virtue is his sun. 25

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way ;
 Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play. 30

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias from his will,
 To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still. 35

G. HERBERT.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire :
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mixed, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

20

ALEXANDER POPE.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,

5

And, gentle lady, deign to stay !

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white ;

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;

10

The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,

Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;

Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch ;

15

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?"

Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir

To-night at Roslin leads the ball,

But that my lady-mother there

Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

20

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Linchesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night 25.
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ; 30.
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud, 35.
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail, • 40.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's bold 45
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there
 With candle, with book, and with knell : 50
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they, 5
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe, 10
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
 I live in long past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon

My place with them will be,

20

And I with them shall travel on

Through all Futurity ;

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,

That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY,

A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,

Life is but an empty dream !

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !

5

And the grave is not its goal ;

'Dust thou art, to dust returnest'

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destined end or way ;

10

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating

15

Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

20

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us

25

We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

30

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving. still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

35

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
 Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
 To evening's hues of soher grey
 Thy cup of paly gold ;—

Be thine the offering owing long 5
 To thee, and to this pensive hour,
 Of one brief tributary song,
 Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,
 Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light, 10
 And have my inmost heart receive
 The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
 Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
 And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark, 15
 The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
 When cares and griefs the breast invade,
 Is friendship's animating smile
 In sorrow's dark'ning shade. 20

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
 Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
 And bears the sinking spirit up
 Amid the chilling fears.

But still more animating far, 25
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day, 30
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

BERNARD BARTON.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets, 5
They will have a place in story ;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ; 10
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower !—I'll make a stir 15
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low, 20
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush, 25
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ; 30
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude ;
Never heed them ; I aver 35
That they all are wanton wooers.
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home :
Spring is coming—thou art come ! 40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face

On the moor, and in the wood, 45
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours ! 50
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine. 55
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing, 60
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred ?
—First learn to love one living man !
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh ; 5
Go, carry to^s some other place
The hardness of thy coward eye,
The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,
A rosy man, right plump to see? IO
Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near ;
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside, 15
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One, all eyes,
Philosopher ! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace,
 That abject thing, thy soul, away.

—A moralist perchance appears ; 25
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor sod ;
And he has neither eyes nor ears ;
Himself his world, and his own God.

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling,
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small ; 30
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all !

Shut close the door, press down the latch ;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust ;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch 35
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown ?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. 40

He is retired as noontide dew
Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth, 45
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, 50
—The harvest of quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
 Hath beer^d an idler in the land :
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand. 55

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
 Here stretch thy body at full length,
 Or build thy house upon this grave. 60

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain ;
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ; 5
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all : 10
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak : 15
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to hurl thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe—but thy renown : 20
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine : 25
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd
 And manly hearts to guard the fair : 30
 Rule Britannia, &c.



THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main :
 —Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
 —Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea ! 5
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more ! What wealth
 untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies, 10
—Sweep o'er thy spoils thou wild and wrathful Main !
Earth, claims not these again !

Yet more, the Depths have more ! Thy waves have
rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by !
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old, 15
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !
Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scornful play—
Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the Billows and the Depths have more !
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast ! 20
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest :
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those for whom 25
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
But all is not thine own ! 30

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown ;
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—35
Restore the Dead, thou Sea !

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee !
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray, 5
I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy bee !
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ; 10
In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee !
Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent, 15
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy bee !
What is the end of thy toil. 20
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee !

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

YOU are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are gray ;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied. 5
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away, 10
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did, 15
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !
 Now tell me the reason, I pray. 20

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied ;
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !
 And He hath not forgotten my age.

DARA.

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
 Weakened by many a vice, and all the land
 Was hovered over by those vulture ills
 That snuff decaying empire from afar,
 Then, with a nature balanced as a star, 5
 Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
 Made his own village, by the self-same spell
 Secure and quiet as a guarded fold ;
 Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees 10
 Under his sway, to neighbour villages
 Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now, when it fortune'd that a king more wise
 Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
 He sought on every side men brave and just ; 15
 And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
 How he refilled the mould of elder days,
 To Dara gave a satrapy in trust,

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride 20
Than in his crook before ; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear, 25
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup. 30

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him ; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own ;
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known 35
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The King set forth for Dara's province straight ;
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand, 40
A camel with the chest was seen to stand :
The King's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure chest !"
'Twas done ; and only a worn shepherd's vest

Was found therein. Some blushed and hung
the head ; 45
Not Dara ; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and, "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo ! all the spell I had.
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad 50
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make
them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill, 55
Were I not lord of simple Dara still ;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids ; before 'twas
night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway. 60
J. R. LOWELL.

NAPOLÉON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne 5
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ; 10
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain, half way over,
 With envy—*they* could reach the white 15
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer. 20

At last, when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought 25
 The live-long day, laborious, lurking,
 Until he launched a tiny boat,
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description !—such a wretch'd wherry 30
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,— 35
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows. 40

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, 45
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely, fashioned, 50
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had 55
To see my mother."

“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “ Ye’ve both my favour justly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Buonaparté.

65

T. CAMPBELL.

 WESTMINISTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :

This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,

5

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air :

Per did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;

10

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved, 5
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel 10
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
" Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret
The widowed heart must yearn ;
And mothers weep their babes asleep 15
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known ;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone. 20

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh ! world wherein nor death, nor sin, 25
Nor weary warfare dwells ;
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim, 30
And faint accords of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn ;

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God— 35
"Not lost, but gone before."



MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die

Yet on the rose's humble bed 5
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf,
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray, 10
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away !
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me ! 15

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand ;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface 20
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea.
 But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

R. H. WILDE.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My Mother's voice ! how often creeps
 Its cadence on my lonely hours !
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer 5
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee. 10
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps 15
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ. 20
I have been out at eventide
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass, 25
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty—then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung 30
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,

My mother's voice came on the air 35
Like the light-dropping of the rain,
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee, "
I've poured her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be 40
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light !
I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills, 45
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze, 50
And this when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree 55
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say, a voice has thrilled me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent glen
Like words from the departing night, 60
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And pouring forth the earliest
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,

Have felt my mother's spirit rush

65

Upon me, as in by-past years,

And yielding to the blessed gush

Of my ungovernable tears,

Have risen up—the gay, the wild—

As humble as a very child.

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NOTES ON GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

L. 1. **Twinkling**—faintly shining ; blinking.

L. 2. **But**—only—adverb mod. *had*.

L. 6. **I am &c.**—I have been chidden for my misdoings and feel ill at ease.

Ll. 11-12. **I would not &c.** I was not willing to do what I was bid—such was the boy's *naughtiness*..

L. 14. **Write and read**—more properly= read and write.

Ll. 15-16. **Not to have &c.**—these lines show the boy's waywardness—he would have his own way, in spite of biddings to the contrary.

L. 20. **Hide and Seek**—a play among children, one hiding himself and the others finding him out. Cf. *play at dice*, at cards &c.

L. 23. **Skies**—the *pl* indicates *vastness*.

L. 24. **Pole**—*i.e.*, the farthest end of the earth.

Ll. 26-28. **Silver boat &c.**—a common poetic idea—the crescent-shaped moon is compared to a little boat sailing merrily in the sky, as over the blue sea. **Launch**—To take a vessel down into the water.

Ll. 31, 32. **Does not anybody, &c.**—This strikes the key-note of the boy's character. He cannot brook being hindered at having his own way.

Ll. 33-36. **Much I &c.**—The wayward boy can hardly realise how the stars uniformly move from east to west every night.

Ll. 37-40. **The stanza gives the moral to the naughty wayward boy—to listen to and obey the Father.**

THE VIOLET.

Jane Taylor—Sister to Isaac Taylor, LL.D. (1787-1865). She and her Sister Anne Taylor were authors of *Hymns for Infant Minds* and *Original Poems* (1783-1824).

L. 2. **Modest**—shy ; retiring.

- L. 4. **Hide**—conceal itself from the gaze of others.
 L. 7. **Grand**—adorned.
 L. 10. **Arranged**—beautified.
 L. 11. **Diffused**—scattered around.
 Ll. 13-16. **Then let me &c.**—I should like to learn the lesson of humility from the violet.

LITTLE THINGS.

- L. 3. **Mighty**—vast.
 L. 6. **Humble**—apparently *trifling*.
 Ll. 7-8. **Ages...eternity**—eternal time, for ever running its course without coming to an end.
 L. 9. **Errors**—our short-comings in life.
 L. 10. **Lead...away**—Tempt us to commit sinful acts, without our perceiving it.

L. 11. **Eden**—the pleasant garden created and set apart by God as the dwelling place of the first human beings, creation Adam and Eve. The article before the proper noun makes it a common noun, meaning one *similar to or like* Eden.

The poem teaches that nothing in creation is too little or too minute to be overlooked. (1) The vast Ocean [is but an accumulation of little drops of water (2) Little grains of sand make the land, (3) Little moments make Eternal Time ; (4) Trifling errors if passed by unheeded, ruin our character ; and (5) little acts of kindness, love and affection towards our fellow-creatures render this earth as happy as Paradise.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

Eliza Cook (1818-1889)—a poetess of minor note, who contributed mainly to magazines. She conducted *Eliza Cook's Journal*.

Voyage—a journey by sea.

- L. 1. **Beach**—sandy shore.
 L. 2. **Dancing foam**—the sparkling waves
 L. 4. **His home**—*i.e.*, when he would embark.
 L. 5. **Eyed**—glanced over.
 L. 7. **Flowing kerchief**—the long, loose covering around the neck.
 L. 9. **Rose, &c.**—*i.e.* the rose-like, blooming flush or redness of the cheek.

L. 10. **Fair**—bright and beautiful, as in *Casabianca*:—

“Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm.”

L. 11. **Hazel**—of a nut-brown colour.

L. 13. **Sturdy**—brave-hearted, dauntless.

L. 14. **Hammock**—the hanging bed of a sailor on board.

L. 17. **Gallant**—brave, well-equipped. **Rides**—comes near, riding upon the waves.

L. 19. **Trimmed**—arranged, put in proper order.

L. 20. **Stems**—breasts, moves against.

L. 23. **Linked**—joined

L. 27. **Choking pang**—the intensity of feelings chokes his heart and prevents free utterance of words.

L. 35. **Sea-bird**—the sea-gull.

MR. NOBODY.

L. 1. **Funny**—sportively inclined.

L. 2. **Quiet as a mouse**—the silence and quietness with which a mouse does mischief is almost proverbial.

L. 5. **No one...face**—mark that Mr. Nobody is a non-entity and his face cannot be seen **Sees**—Verb; *nom=that* or *who* to be understood after *one*.

L. 7. **Cracked**—broken.

L. 10. **Ajar**—lit.=*on the jar*, meaning half-closed.

L. 13. **Squeaking**—making a sharp, shrill noise. Commonly applied to the noise of a mouse, here referring to the shrill sound proceeding from the hinges uncoiled.

L. 14. **Prithee**—I pray thee.

L. 18. **That**—So that.

L. 20. **Soil**—spoil, render unclean.

L. 21. **Mislaid**—misplaced, put in a wrong place or position.

L. 22. **But he**—But=a conjunction, the construction being *but he had them last*, cf. “whence all *but he* had fled.”—*Casabianca*. **Had them last**—handled the papers for the last time.

L. 23. **Tosses**—moves aside.

L. 27. **Blinds**—noun, meaning *window-screen*.

L. 29. **Spill**—let out or waste.

WE ARE SEVEN.

L. 1. **William Wordsworth**—(1770-1850)—One of the greatest English poets, was educated at Cambridge, travelled in France during the French Revolution and returned in 1793, finally settled down in the Lake District with Southey and Coleridge—was one of the Lake Poets. Chief poems are *The Excursion*, *Lyrical Ballads*, &c., &c.; became poet laureate in 1843. His poetry is characterised by a passionate love of nature and a deeply reflective tone.

L. 2. **Eight years old**—Parse *years* as adv. obj.

L. 4. **Clustered**—set upon her head like bushes.

L. 5. **Rustic... air**—*air*=she bore the appearance of one living a plain life in the woods.

L. 22. **Gone to sea**—have become sailor.

L. 29. **Run about**—mark, the child cannot be convinced that the brothers are dead, because as she holds, “their graves are green, they may be seen,” as though they are still her companions.

L. 38. **Kerchief**—handkerchief. *Hem*—furnish with borders.

L. 42. **Light and fair**—*i.e.* when the weather is fine and clear.

L. 43. **Porringer**—bowl of porridge.

L. 46. **Moaning**—groaning or suffering under illness.

L. 47-48. **God as it were put an end to his sufferings, by taking her away**—so the child thinks out of her simplicity.

L. 54. **Slide**—move on the smooth surface.

L. 55. **To go**—*i.e.* she left us.

L. 63. **Would have her will**—she still clung to her own way of thinking.

SPEAK GENTLY.

L. 1. **Far**—adverb mod. adj. “better.”

L. 2. **To rule &c.**—kind words and affectionate treatment go a great way in winning hearts.

L. 3. **Mar.**—spoil, destroy the effect of,

L. 6. **Its love &c.**—children are susceptible to mild and gentle behaviour, by which alone their hearts can be easily won.

□ L. 7. **Accents**—words. What is the other meaning of *accent*? Distinguish it from *emphasis*.

L. 10. **Grieve &c.**—never wound the heart of an old man, who has already had enough of the sorrows of life.

L. 11. **Sands...men.**—The period of their existence on earth is about to come to an end. *Sands* refers to the old method of reckoning time by observing the passing of *sand* from one vessel to another through an extremely narrow aperture.

L. 13. **'Tis—/T** refers to the idea gone before—speaking gently.
Dropped.—Poured.

The Stanza means that kind words and gentle treatment go deep into the heart, and exercise their beneficent influence for ever.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Eliza Cook—see notes on *the First-Voyage*.

The flag...free.—The flag which carries with it the freedom of nations and saves people from bondage and oppression.

L. 1. **Steamer-Flag.**—the British flag has ever been held to be an emblem of freedom and peace. **Floats &c.**—carries brave heroes beneath.

L. 2. **Unfurled.**—waved. The line means—whether hoisted on land or on sea, the Flag of Britain is ever an emblem of freedom. Slavery, bondage or oppression can never exist beneath the British flag.

L. 3. **Story**—history. **Matchless &c.**—incomparable, unequalled in gaining victory.

L. 4. **Herald**—harbinger, the line means—the advent of the British flag always announces approaching glory and freedom.

L. 5 **Cause**—part; side; the line=may the flag of England ever maintain its glory on behalf of the weak and the oppressed.

L. 6 **Fetters**—chains.

L. 7. **War-shout**—War-cry. **Dastard**—cowardly.

L. 8. **Scruple &c.**—Fail to die bravely in the cause of freedom and righteousness.

L. 9. **Trail**—hang. **Halyards**—ropes for hoisting or lowering flags —(*hale + yard.*) *Sheet*.

L. 10 **Flutter &c.**—Fly in fragments when torn by shot. **Battlement-crag**—Parapets, as over castles or forts surmounted with rocky projections.

The whole stanza means—It matters little if the flag which carries freedom with itself, be torn or tattered in a hard contest, the victory is sure to come at last.

L. 13. **Jacket**—a sleeveless coat; *blue-jacket*=a sailor in uniform on a man-of-war.

- L. 14. **Sash**—band ; scurf ; riband.
- L. 15. **Foeman should etc.**—the enemy is sure to acknowledge the superiority of the Flag of freedom and submit finally.
- L. 18 **Pennon**—Flag.
- L. 22 **Bark etc.**—some ship of Britain fast leaping over the waves to bring news from home.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Jane Taylor—see Notes on *The Violet*.

- L. 2. **So clear etc.**—Put in conjunction *that* between “clear” and “one.”
- L. 3. **Warm**—*i.e.* with the summer heat, as in line 4.
- L. 5. **Overcome**—oppressed, overpowered.
- L. 7. **Stooping**—bending downwards.
- L. 8. **Musing etc.**—Her appearance showed that she was either meditating or indulging in a reverie.
- L. 10. **Taste of**—drink out of.
- L. 14. **By no means etc.**—shows how respectful the ass was.
- L. 17. **Compliments**—mutual exchange of salutation. Point out the distinction bet. *compliment* and *complement*.
- L. 18. **Herbage**—the green field.
- L. 21. **Directly**—immediately.
- L. 23. **Lies with a weight etc.**—lies heavy on my mind ; I am thinking seriously about it.
- L. 29. **I have no etc.**—I am never allowed to act freely of my own accord, such is the tyranny of man.
- P. 33. **Not presuming etc.**—I can not make bold to say that I know better than you do. Still let me suggest—this shows the humility of the ass.
- L. 41. **Scan**—to examine what answer he would make.
- L. 44. I have always taken a different view of the matter.
- Ll. 45-48. That man always uses tyranny, nobody would deny ; yet at the same time it must be acknowledged that we get many advantages from men ; and for this we should be grateful to them.
- L. 54. **Not...taught**—as if loathe to be instructed by so inferior a creature as an ass.
- L. 55. **Bright**—clear-headed, intelligent.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

Mrs. Hemans—(1793-1835)—Her poems, though without great originality, are yet sweet, natural and pleasing. Her best and most popular Lyrics are:—The Voice of Spring; The Better Land; The Graves of a Household; The Treasures of the Deep; The Homes of England.

L. 2. **Thrilling**—shrill, piercing.

L. 3. **Deep gun**—booming noise of cannon balls. **Ocean-fight**—Naval encounter.

L. 4. **Dread ... own**—a dreadfully peculiar harmony of sounds.

Ll. 5-6. The very name of England strikes the mind more powerfully than the sound of martial music. **Name of thine**—thy well-known name *viz.* England. Mark that *of* before *thine* does not denote that England has many names and this is one of them.

L. 7. **To strike**—grammatically connected with *power* above. The line means =rousing every heart into fiery enthusiasm.

L. 8. **Bannered line**—the phalanx of brave fighting men.

L. 9. **It...spirits**—roused into enthusiasm. *It* refers to "power" in l. 5.

L. 10. **Of yore**—in days of old.

Ll. 11-12. The battle of Cressy was fought in France, in which King Edward III gained his great victory over the French in 1346, mainly with the yeomen archers. **Yeomen**—foot soldiers established in England in the reign of King Henry VIII, who were excellent archers, and long constituted the main strength of the English army. Hence the term "yeoman's service" has come to mean *material* or substantial help.

Ll. 13-16. The mighty name of *England* has always played a conspicuous part in several naval encounters such as Trafalgar, when the British ensign was unfurled and flashed like lightning.

L. 17. **Bastion**—a tower at the angles of a fortification.

L. 19. **Hears, etc.**—the name of *England* has struck dead the enemy.

L. 2a. **Pealing**—assailing with a loud noise.

L. 24. **Victorious**—crying victory to England.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne—(1791-1852)—an actor and author of plays, appointed American Consul at Tunis in 1841.

L. 3. **Charm**—beauty. **Hallow**—sanctify. **The line means**—something heavenly seems to dwell about our *home* and makes it holy.

L. 7. **Exile**—one living away from home; obj. case to “dazzles.” **The line means**—Life is not worth living to a person living away from home even in splendour.

L. 8. **Lowly**—humble.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—(1807-1882) an American poet of great reputation. His style is characterised by grace and simplicity, expressing feelings of love and maternity, peace and good will, death and the future.

L. 2. **Lower**—come down upon the earth.

L. 3. **Pause**—silence, stop.

L. 6. **Patter**—sound of foot-ball—a sound word.

L. 15. **Plotting, etc.**—the three children with their merry pranks were about to surprise me.

L. 18. **Raid**—dashing attack.

L. 20. **Castle wall**—my seat where I lay silent and secure.

L. 21. **Turret**—a little tower—dim. of *tower*.

L. 25. **Devour etc.**—almost killed me with repeated kisses.

L. 26. **Entwine**—clasped their arms around me.

L. 29. **Banditti**—pl.=robbers.

L. 30. **Scaled**—leaped over.

Ll. 31-32. Don't you think, young robbers, I can withstand your attack? Cf. “He is *more than a match for me*.”

Ll. 35-36. **Dungeon**—a dark, underground prison in a castle. **Round-tower**—tall, narrow, circular tower tapering to the summit. **The lines mean**—I shall keep you confined for ever in the inmost recesses of my heart.

L. 38. **For ever and a day**—used emphatically meaning *for ever, eternally*.

Ll. 39-40. **The walls, etc.**—till my body perishes for ever, *Crumble, moulder*—to fall into pieces and decay. What is the meaning of *smoulder*?

A WASP AND A BEE.

- L. 1. **Buzzing**—humming.
 L. 2. **Cousin**—so called because both belong to the same family of *insects*.
 L. 5. **Elegant**—nice ; fine-looking.
 L. 6. **For**—inspite of.
 Ll. 8-9. If I were as troublesome to men as you are, they would despise me as much as thy despise you.
 L. 11. **Own**—acknowledge, admit—used as a *verb*.
 L. 12. **Put up with**—endure.
 L. 13. **Homely**—not nice or fine-looking.
 L. 15. **Diligent**—industrious.
 Ll. 16-18. This is the *moral* of the poem *viz.* one plain, industrious and innocent is preferable to one gaudy but mischievous.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

William Cowper—(1731—1800) had a singularly sad life. He was often bullied at a private school ; was sent to Westminster, and ultimately appointed clerk of the Journals in the House of Lords. He was unsuited for the post, and attempted to commit suicide. Insanity followed and he suffered from occasional fits of melancholy and despondency. He began his literary career later on. He was essentially the painter of domestic life, and his poems have seldom been surpassed for truth and picturesqueness. The "Royal George," so named after King George III. was a battle-ship under Admiral Kempenfield, with 100 guns and about 800 men, which accidentally capsized and sank while lying at anchor at Spithead on Aug. 12. 1782.

- l. 1. **Told**—ring the knell.
 l. 4. **Fast etc.**—close to the shore of England.
 l. 6. **Tried**—put to the test.
 l. 7. **Made etc. heel**—put or turned the vessel on one side.
 l. 8. **Laid etc. side**—made her capsize.
 l. 9. **Shrouds**—the sails and rigging.
 l. 10. **Overset**—upset.
 l. 12. **Crew complete**—not even one of the men survived.
 ll. 15-16. He shall have no more naval encounters, winning glory for his country.
 l. 19. **Sprang**—opened.

ll. 21-22. He was writing on his desk, when the accident overtook him unawares.

l. 25. **Weigh**—*i.e.* lift the vessel from water.

ll. 27-28. Let us not forget to shed tears of gratitude, as we drink, for her heroic achievements.

L. 31. **Full etc.**—fully equipped with guns.

L. 32. **Plough etc.**—Sail through distant oceans

TRY AGAIN.

Eliza Cook—see notes on *the First Voyage*. Robert Bruce, king of Scotland was defeated in successive battles with the English and retired in despair to a cave. Here, the lesson he learnt from a spider, failing to ascend nine times and succeeding in the tenth attempt, gave him courage, and mustering all his strength, he ultimately regained his throne.

L. 1. **Flung...down**—sat with a dejected mind.

L. 4. **Sink**—droop.

L. 6. **Tried and tried**—made repeated attempts.

L. 9. **Despair**—despondency.

L. 11. **Pondered**—reflected.

L. 14. **Clue**—thread.

L. 19. **Cobweb home**—home or abode made of fine thread.

L. 20. **Divine**—make out ; guess.

L. 23. **Slippery sprawl**—shifting position suddenly and coming down.

L. 41. **Tumbles**—falls down.

L. 47. **Run**—stretch, effort. **Pinch**—gripe.

L. 48. **Native cot**—its own abode.

L. 50. **All honour etc.**—all honour be to those who try.

L. 51. **Defied**—challenged.

L. 53. **Braced etc.**—Mustered courage.

L. 54. **Gossips etc.**—story-tellers say.

THE SANDS OF THE DEE.

Charles Kingsley—(1819—1875) a famous English author and novelist. His brilliant novels deal with social questions in a strikingly original manner.

L. 4. **Dee**—a river in England flowing into the Irish sea.

L. 5. **Dank**—damp, moist.

L. 7. **Western etc.**—the waters came advancing from the west.

- L. 14. **Tress**—lock of hair.
- L. 18. **Stakes**—posts set in a stream for catching fish.
- L. 20. **Crawling**—Creeping ; advancing.

THE BETTER LAND.

Mrs. Hemans—see notes on "The Name of England."

- L. 3. **Radiant shore**—bright, glorious region.
- L. 5. **Blows**—blooms, blossoms.
- L. 8. **Feathery**—crowned with tufts of foliage.
- L. 9. **Sunny skies**—bright, clear sky of the tropical regions of the earth.
- L. 10. **Glittering**—sparkling with sun's rays.
- L. 11. **Fragrant...breeze**—sweet scent from the wood fills the wind with fragrance.
- B. 12. **Starry wings**—wings with bright round spots like stars.
- L. 16. **Sands of gold**—golden-coloured grains of sand, sands containing particles of gold.
- L. 18. **Lights up etc.**—illuminates or dispels the darkness of the mine under ground.
- L. 23. **Deep**—profound, stirring the soul.
- L. 24. **Dreams...picture**—imagination cannot form an idea of.
- L. 26. **Breathe on**—Fade ; destroy the beauty of. **Fadeless bloom**—beauty that lasts eternally.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Thomas Campbell—(1777-1844) the well-known poet who at 22 published, the "Pleasures of Hope"—many of his poems are notably of a high rank. He obtained a crown pension of £200 a year.

The poem commemorates the part taken by Vice-Admiral Nelson in the battle of Copenhagen in 1801. The Danes held out bravely, but most of their vessels were destroyed.

- L. 1. **North**—Denmark.
- L. 2. **Renown**—fame.
- L. 4. **The might etc.**—The brave ships of Denmark.
- L. 5. **Deep**—Ocean.
- L. 10. **Leviathans**—properly, huge sea-monsters, here—the war-vessels.
- L. 11-13. Their vessels lay proudly arranged in defence, when the national flag of England was hoisted, signifying the battle.

- L. 14. It was 10 o'clock in the morning.
- L. 15. **Silence...death**—a dead silence filled their line of ships.
- L. 20. **Anticipate**—foresee.
- L. 21. **Van**—the front line of the British fleet.
- L. 24. **Adamantine lips**—the iron mouths of the cannon ; *adaman-*
sine=made of adamant, hence, very strong.
- L. 25. **Death-shade**—darkness of death.
- L. 26. **Like etc.**—as a violent hurricane covers up the solar disc for a time, so a deep gloom fell upon the enemy vessels.
- L. 33. **Wail**—howl of lamentation.
- L. 34. **Srike..sail**—lower or take down the sail, as a mark of submission.
- L. 38. **Hailed**—called out to.
- L. 40. **Conquer...save**—we conquer the Danish people, only to save them from the tyranny of Napoleon. The reference is to the Armed Neutrality of Russia, Sweden and Denmark.
- L. 57. **Festal**—gay.
- K. 63. **Elsinore**—or Helsingør, a Danish seaport.
- L. 67. **Riou**—the captain of the English ship Amazon, who died in the action.
- L. 70. **Mermaid**—sea-nymphs, half man and half fish.

HARMOSAN.

Archbishop Trench—(1807-1886)—a poet, scholar and miscellaneous writer. He wrote poems, parables, &c.

- L. 3. **Defy**—withstand—trans. gov. "invader" obj. case.
- L. 4. **Overborne**—overwhelmed.
- L. 5. **But**—only, adv. mod. "give."
- L. 6. **Arrive, etc.**—let me die.
- L. 8. **Seeming, etc.**—he held the cup of water for some time, in his hand, pondering whether there might be any evil motive on the part of the enemy giving him the drink.
- L. 9. **Paused...bravest**—the silence on the part of Harmosan was by no means unnatural.
- L. 10. **Naked**—unsheathed.
- Ll. 11-14. Do you suspect any foul play on our part? We Moslem victors are above such treachery. Drink safely, and I allow you so much time to live.

L. 15 **Satrap**—Persian viceroy. **With ready hand**—instantly.

L. 16. **Sank**—was soaked by the sand.

Ll. 17-18. You have declared that my life continues mine till I have drunk and then it is yours. I cease to drink, and let the water spilled be preserved as my life.

L. 19. **Caliph**—the name assumed by the successors of Mahomed. **Doubtful passions**.—contending feelings. **Stirred**—agitated.

L. 20. **For ever etc.**—meaning, that his promise shall never be altered.

L. 22. I thought to kill you immediately after your drink, now I pardon you your life.

THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH.

Alexander Chisholm—chiefly known as a historical portrait painter (1792-1847), settled in London in 1818.

L. 1. **Hands etc.**—the verb is to be supplied—*put your hands to*.

L. 3. **Receive etc.**—To sow the seed.

Ll. 7-8. **The seed etc.**—cf. "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

L. 9. **Manfully**—sturdily, bravely.

L. 12. **With etc.**—Let us work at the plough with all our heart.

Ll. 15-16. Then we can expect to reap good and cheering harvest.

L. 17. **Warily**—cautiously, carefully.

Ll. 19-20. The work of sowing is ever toilsome, but this alone can promise a good harvest.

L. 21. **Unsparingly**—without stinting. *As*—correlative to *so* in L. 23.

L. 23. **Garner**—gather, put into the granary.

L. 24. **In the etc.**—in the bright sunshine of autumn. So the autumnal moon is known as the *harvest moon*.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Charles Kingsley—see notes on "The Sands of Dee."

L. 5. **Women etc.**—it is for women to weep for their men in danger.

L. 7. **The harbour etc.**—though the waves on the bar of the harbour be howling.

L. 8. **Light house tower**—tower-like construction to show light to vessels to keep them away from danger.

L. 9. **Trimmed**—lighted the lamps.

L. 10. **Squall**—storm.

L. 11. **Night-rack**—storm clouds in the night. *Ragged*—with rough edges.

L. 16. **Gleam**—light.

L. 18. **Never come**—for they were dead and gone.

L. 20-21. The sooner life ends with all its struggles and sorrows, the sooner the men get the rest of the grave.

The bar etc.—life with all its griefs and sorrows.

THE BURIAL OF SIR J. MOORE.

Rev. Charles Wolfe—(1791-1823) ; the poem was suggested by Southey's impressive account, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* in 1817, and will ever remain a touching record of a pathetic historic incident.

During the Peninsular War (1808-1814) Sir J. Moore marched into Spain in aid of the Spaniards, but was defeated by the French at Corunna and killed.

L. 1. **Funeral note**—music played at a soldier's burial.

L. 2. **Corpse**—dead body. **Rampart**—a wall surrounding a fortified place.

L. 5. **Darkly**—has been explained to mean (1) gloomily (2) without light ; but the better meaning seems to be *in the dark*, as is suggested by l. 7. *darkly*—darkling.

Dead of night—the death-like silence of the night *i.e.* midnight.

L. 6. **Bayonet**—so named from being originally prepared at *Bayonne* in France. Mention other words derived from (1) names of places (2) names of persons.

L. 7. **Struggling etc.**—the light of the moon was struggling to penetrate through the thick mist, and was therefore faint.

L. 9. **Useless coffin**—it was not necessary for him to be buried with a coffin.

L. 10. **Sheet or shroud**—pieces of cloth surrounding a dead body when put into the coffin. **Wound**—past tense of *wind*.

L. 11. **Like a**—as a soldier lies down to take rest after the fatigues of the field.

L. 12. **Martial cloak**—military uniform.

L. 15. **Steadfastly**—intently looking upon him.

L. 16. **Bitterly, etc.**—we were sad, thinking of what fate would await him the next day, if the enemy should become aware of the place where he was lying.

L. 17. **Hollowed etc.**—dug his grave and made his place of eternal rest as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

L. 19. **Tread...head**—would irreverently trample down upon him.

L. 20. **We**—nom. abs.=*we being* &c. *on*—*billow*—because they left the country for England.

L. 21. **Lightly**—without respect.

L. 22. **Cold ashes**—his remains.

L. 23. **Reck**—reckon=mind. **If they etc.**—if they would leave him quietly to rest in his grave.

L. 25. **Heavy**—mournful.

L. 27. **Random**—find without any fixed aim. *Sullenly*=angrily.

L. 30. **Gory**—covered with blood.

Ll. 31-32. We raised no tombs over his grave and put no inscription, thinking that his reputation as a warrior would be a higher memorial.

THE BLIND BOY.

Colley Cibber—(1671-1757) an actor, dramatist and poet, became poet laureate in 1730; elevated by Pope to the *throne of dullness* in the “*Dunciad*.”

l. 2. **I must**—which I am not destined to enjoy in life.

l. 3. **Blessings**—advantages.

l. 5 **Wondrous**—poetical for *wonderful*.

ll. 7-8. **How can etc.**—I cannot ascertain how day passes into night and night into day. *Or—or, either—or.*

Ll. 9-12. Whenever I sleep, it is night to me, and whenever I play it is day; if I can never sleep, it will be day always.

L. 13. **With...sighs**—adv. phr. mod. “mourn.”

Ll. 14-16. **Mourn etc.**—you lament over my blindness which you call a miserable condition to me; but as I never know what it is to see, I never feel the want.

Ll. 17-20. Let me live contentedly in my present condition; for I do not like to make my life miserable, brooding over a thing imaginary.

THE IRISH HARPER.

L. **Campbell**—see notes on “The Battle of the Baltic.

L. 1. **Shannon**—a river in Ireland.

L. 2. **Blithe**—merry.

L. 11-12. Though men treated me cruelly, I found a faithful supporter in my dog.

l. 15. **Snugly**—warmly, comfortably.

l. 17. **Wallet**—small bag for carrying necessities in a journey.

Seanty—short, poor.

l. 18. **Nor refused**—I took pity on him and treated him with my last morsel of food.

l. 20. **Played**—lamented over his death.

l. 21. **Forsaken**—forlorn, rejected by all.

l. 22. **So**—as my dog was.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

l. 1. **Silly**—foolish, unmindful of the future. **Cricket**—an insect of the grasshopper kind.

l. **Cupboard**—a place to keep food and dishes.

l. 5. **Crumb**—bit of food.

l. 10. **Starvation, famine**—want of food.

l. 11. **Dripping**—wet : verb from *drop* ; *diminutive* when a *noun*.

l. 20. **Never borrow...never lend**—borrowing or lending is not our custom cf. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

l. 21. **Lay by**—save ; store.

l. 23. **Light**—wanting in foresight.

l. 28. **Lifted**—closed the door.

The moral—"he that sings in summer must dance in winter."

GELERT.

W. R. Spencer—(1769-1834) a poet of minor repute, chiefly remembered for his *Beth Gelert*.

l. 3. **Brach**—a dog for the chase.

l. 4. **Objeyed**—was ready for chasing the game.

l. 6. **Lustier cheer**—shouted to encourage the hounds in the chase.

l. 10. **The flower**—the first and best of the whole pack.

ll. 11-12. **A lamb**—*i.e.*, quiet and submissive. **Lion**—fearful.

l. 13. **Sooth**—truth. **Peerless**—incomparable.

l. 18. **Hart**—masculine of *roe*, meaning deer.

l. 19. **Booty**—game.

l. 21. **Hied**—went speedily.

l. 22. **Portal seat**—seat at the gate.

- l. 23 **Truant**—absent. **Espied**—saw.
- l. 24. **Bounding**—frisking joyfully to welcome his master.
- l. 26. **Aghast**—pale with fear and wonder.
- l. 27. **Smeared**—all blood-stained ; *gore*=blood.
- l. 28. **Fangs...blood**—blood came out of his teeth.
- l. 30 **Unused**—not accustomed.
- l. 31. The bloody appearance of his favourite dog put a stop to his joy.
- l. 32. **Crouched**—flung himself down at the feet of his master.
- l. 36. **Blood-gouts**=drops of blood ; *gout* in this sense is now obsolete.
- l. 37. **Overtured**=turned upside down.
- l. 38. **Covert rent**=the covering sheet all torn.
- l. 40. **Besprent**=besprinkled.
- l. 45 **Hell-hound**=mischievous, hellish dog.
- l. 46 **Frantic**=mad.
- ll. 47-48. Pierced the animal with his sword through and through.
- l. 49. **Suppliant**=pitiful. **Prone**=prostrated with the head downward.
- l. 53. **Dying yell**=piteous cry at his death.
- l. 57. **Parent**=father.
- l. 59. **His rosy sleep**=looking refreshed and glowing after sound sleep.
- l. 60. **Cherub**=angelic, beautiful.
- l. 61. **Seathe**=scar, mark of injury.
- l. 62. **Couch**=bed ; obj. case gov. by *beneath*.
- l. 63. **Gaunt**=brave.
- l. 71. **Laid**=killed there.
- l. 72. **Rue**=mourn over ; lament.
- l. 75. **Storied**=furnished with accounts of the dog's faithfulness.
- l. 78. **Unmoved**=without feeling sorry.
- l. 83. **In fancy's ear**=he imagined to be hearing.
- l. 87. **Consecrated**=made holy.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

- l. 1. **Spreading**—branching far and wide, shady.
- l. 3. **He**=(redundant.)
- l. 4. **Sinewy**=strong.

- 1. 5. **Brawny**=muscular.
- 1. 6. **Bands**=strings.
- 1. 9. **Honest sweat**=pursuit of an honest livelihood.
- 1. 12. **Owes not**=he is under no obligation to any one.
- 1. 13. **Week in etc.**=from the beginning of the week to its end.
- 1. 16. **Measured**=falling after regular intervals.
- 1. 17. **Sexton**=an officer in the church attending the clergyman.
- 1. 18. **Low**=*i.e.* setting.
- 1. 33. **Needs**=necessarily ; adv. mod. *think*.
- 1. 39. **Each...close**=what is begun in the morning is finished in the evening.

1. 45. As the iron is heated in the forge and shaped according to our liking, so we can make our life useful by perseverance and resolution.

"The Blacksmith's forge is our life, hammer and anvil are our force of will and moral strength ; the hot iron put into shape is our conduct in thought and action."

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

John Greenleaf Whittier=(1807-1892) a Quaker poet, noted for his anti-slavery writings. His poetry is natural, fresh and beautiful, though not quite original. Some of his *ballads* are characterised by a spiritual mysticism.

- 1. 1. **Ragged**=wretched.
- 1. 3. **Sumach**=a kind of shrub.
- 1. 6. **Rap**=stroke, referring to the marks left on the desk by the stroke of the master's rods.
- 1. 7. **Warping**=changed from its proper shape. **Battered**=roughened by use.
- 1. 8. **The line**=the initial letters of names carved upon the benches with knives by the boys.
- 1. 9. **Charcoal frescoe**=paintings on the walls, executed with colours consisting of charcoal, earth &c.
- 1. 10. **Sill**=The ground-sill=*grunsel*=the piece of wood of the door-frame trodden under foot.
- 1. 19. **In her &c**=made delay in entering the school.
- 1. 22. **Singled**=chosen.
- 1. 28. **Apron**=upper garment. The word is properly *napron* ; by constant use a *napron* became an *apron*. So an *ewt* has become a *newt*.

- l. 30. **Light caressing**=gentle stroke.
- l. 37. **Is showing**—pointing; nom=*memory*; obj.=face.

THE SUNBEAM.

- l. 1. **Lingerer**—thou never waitest only upon kings.
- l. 6. **Glory**—shining rays.
- l. 7. **Feathery**—Soft and white like a feather.
- l. 9. **Solemn**—profound.
- l. 10. **Arcade**—a row of arches supported by columns.
- l. 11. **Brakest**—didst *break*.
- ll. 11-12. The sunbeam dispersed the mist, and the mountaintop shone bright.
- l. 18. **Wrapped**—Enveloped.
- l. 19. **Lattice**—the windows.
- ll. 23-24. As the sunbeam lights up all things, so true faith imparts to them a heavenly glory.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

- l. 1. **March of life**—course of action in the field of life.
- l. 3. **At best**—taking the best view of the world.
- l. 6. **Go to the wall**—are defeated, suffer discomfiture.
- l. 7. **Thorns and flowers**—pleasure and pain, happiness and misery.
- l. 9. **Lagging**—lingering, falling behind the others in the journey of life.
- l. 10. **Put to rout**—terrify him and drive him away from the field.
- l. 14. Tell him no bitter words.
- l. 15. **High way**—public road.
- l. 17. **Pioneer**—leader.
- l. 18. Goes in advance of you.
- l. 19. **Were led**—were guided by others.
- l. 21. **Gird your loins**—vigourously make ready for what follows.
- l. 22. **Appal**—frighten.
- l. 23. Strive to keep pace with the first man.
- l. 26. **Lead the van**—be the first of the band.
- l. 27. **Brand**—stigmatise.
- l. 28. Try to acquit yourself honourably.
- l. 29. Take a favourable view of men and matters about you.
- l. 30. **Heeding**—remembering the voice of God.

THE RETIRED CAT.

Retired=secluded.

1. 1. **Sedate**=serious, quiet.
1. 3. **Addicted**=prone, inclined.
1. 5. **Secure**=safe from disturbance.
1. 6. **Or sit**=as she would like.
1. 7. **Where she etc.**=how she came to be of such temper.
11. 8-9. **Cast etc.**=framed her mind with such calmness of temper.
1. 10. **Or etc.**=The poet was advised on account of his recurring fits of *melancholia* to live in retirement where he amused himself with little birds and other domestic animals.
1. 11. **Debonair**=elegantly courteous and gay.
1. 13. **Fork**=the place where two branches divide.
11. 19-20. She assumed the airs of some sylvan goddess, proudly seated in her chair, in gorgeous dress.
- Sedan**—a fashionable chair borne by two men. So named from being originally made in *Sedan*, in France.
11. 21-24. Man always seeks for a change in his condition and a similar desire affected the cat.
1. 26. **Exposed**—laid bare.
1. 32. **Wanton &c.**—move her hair loosely.
1. 33. **Likeliest mode**—in a befitting manner, properly.
1. 35. **Lined**—covered.
1. 39. **Impending**—hanging over. **Drawer**—nom. to *invited* in 1. 42.
1. 45. **Recumbent**—reclining, lying back.
1. 46. **Humdrum**—commonplace, monotonous.
1. 48. **Her last**—*i.e.* sleep; cf. "arrayed in one's *best*."
1. 49. **Housewifely inclined**—*i.e.* with a view to keep things in proper order as a housewife does.
11. 51-52. The maid had no evil purpose when she thus confined the cat, but did so unknowingly.
1. 54. The cat at first felt that the maid composed her to rest, by way of courtesy, and discovered the mistake too late.
1. 60. **Delicate retreat**—fine, snug place of rest.
1. 61. **Resign**—give up to.
1. 62. **Sol**—Latin for the Sun.

- l. 67. **Tardily**—slowly.
- ll. 71-72. No one remembered anything about her, as if she were dead and gone.
- l. 73. **Pinched**—feeling pained.
- l. 74. **Presaged**, etc.—foresaw the danger that awaited her—starvation and death.
- l. 76. **Conscience**—knowing that her death was certain she made no sign or effort to escape.
- l. 78. **Inexplicable**—unaccountable, strange.
- l. 79. **Went pit-a-pat**—his heart began to beat or throb.
- ll. 85-86. He was anxiously careful to find out what could be in the chest.
- l. 89. **Saluting**—addressing
- l. 92. **Explore**—to explore (Inf.)=to search.
- ll. 93-94. **The lowest first**—Parse—*the lowest* as noun pl. obj. to *explore* ; *first*=adv. qual. *explore* ; *without stop*=adj. pl. qual. *the lowest* ; *the rest*=noun pl. obj. to *explore*.
- ll. 95-98. It is a curious fact commonly seen, that whenever anything is sought to be found out, we seek every place, except the right one ; *cranny*—chink, fissure ; *but*=except ; *come to light*=is found out.
- ll. 99-100. **Replete &c.**—the cat was not now full of pride, as it was before.
- ll. 101-102. It no longer thought itself to be the object of attention of every one, as it thought before.
- l. 103. **Sober**—calm ; modified.
- l. 104. **Her &c.**—oveweening opinion about itself.
- l. 109. **Sublime**—high.
- l. 110. **Consequence**—importance.
- l. 115. **Tribulation**—distress, severe affliction.
- ll. 109-106. It is foolishness on the part of the presumptuous, to think that they are the object of attention to all—a folly which they learn at last, at a bitter cost.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Blenhiem is in Bavaria, where a battle was fought in 1704. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, in command of the English and the Austrian army, defeated the combined army of the French and the Bavarians. 36000 men are said to have been slain.

- 1. 5. **Sitting—sun**—basking in the evening sun.
- 1. 6 **Green**—grassy field before the cottage.
- 1. 14. **Expectant**—looking for.
- 1. 20. **There's**—*there is* put for *there are many*, used to mean *plenty*.
- 1. 26. **He**—redundant.
- 1. 29. **Wonder-waiting**—astonished and eager.
- 1. 30. **What**—obj. to *for*.
- 1., 32. **Put to rout**—defeated and drove from the field.
- 1. 34. **Make out**—understand.
- 1. 45. **Childing**—quick with child, pregnant.
- 1. 57. **Wicked thing**—considering that there was no substantial gain, the cruelty and bloodshed caused was truly an act of wickedness.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

J. C. Saxe—(1816-1887) a humourous and satirical poet.

- 1. 1. **It**—is put for and introduces the fact that follows :—*Six men &c.*
- 1. 5. **That**—so that.
- 1. 6. **By observation**—to obtain an idea of the animal by their own individual attempt.
- 1. 9. **Sturdy**—tough.
- 1. 10. **Brawl**—cry out.
- 1. 17. **Wonder &c.**—Of=apposition, meaning *wonderful animal*.
- 1. 20. 21. Happening to feel the writhing trunk with his hands.
- 1. 34. **Deny**—Let him *deny* &c.
- 1. 38. **Grope**—search by feeling.

HAPPY AS KING.

Gabriel Setoun—The name of the Scottish novelist, Thomas Nicholas Hepburn, who became a school master.

- 1. 5. **Tap**—Gentle sound, as with a finger.
- 1. 9.^c **Wee**—Little.
- 1. 11. **Wafted**—Carried or borne on the wind.
- 1. 13. **Shine &c.**—Whether the day is sunny or rainy.
- 1. 15. So school children are fond of visiting the Blacksmith's shop.

BISHOP HATTO.

- 1. 3. **Piteous**—Mournful.
- 1. 9. **Granary**—Store for grain.

- l. 11. **Repair**—Go.
- l. 19. **He**—Redundant.
- l. 22. **Bonfire**—A large fire to celebrate some event or to burn rubbish.
- l. 25. **Rats**—Poor people who came for help.
- l. 32. **Like death**—*i. e.* cold.
- l. 49. **Barred**—Bolted.
- l. 63. **Not to be told**—Countless in number.
- l. 66. **Yore**—Parse as a *noun*.
- l. 68. **Tell**—Count.
- l. 72. **Helter-Skelter**—Tumultuously—an *adverb*.
- l. 75. **From within**—Parse as a *double preposition*.
- l. 77. **Whetted**—Sharpened by rubbing against the stone.
- l. 80. **To do judgment on him**—To punish him adequately for the sin he committed.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Charles Mackay—(1814-1889) a Scottish poet chiefly known as a writer of songs.

- l. 2. **Hale**—Healthy.
- l. 4. **Blithe**—Merry.
- l. 5. **Burden**—That part of a song which is repeated and what carries the leading idea.
- l. 9. **Old King Hal**—King Henry VIII. of England.
- l. 17. **Doffed**—Put off—*Do off*; so *don*=*do on*.
- l. 29. **Mealy**—White with flour.
- ll. 29-30. Your white cap is more desirable than the crown I wear and the mill you turn is as precious as the kingdom I rule.
- l. 31. **Boast**—Object of pride.

LUCY GRAY ; OR SOLITUDE.

- l. 3. **Break of day**—Morn.
- l. 5. **Mate &c.**—Playmate or companion.
- l. 12. **Will never &c.**—For she is dead and gone.
- l. 19. **Minster-Clock**—Church clock.
- l. 21. **Hook**—An instrument for cutting.
- l. 22. **Snapped**—Cut the tie that bound the faggot.
- l. 23. **Plied &c.**—Continued his work.

- l. 26. **Wanton**—Playful, frisky.
- l. 30. **Up and down**—Hither and thither.
- l. 38. **Overlooked**—which commanded a view of the moor.
- l. 46. **Tracked**—Traced.
- l. 60. **Lonesome**—Lonely.
- l. 61. **Rough and smooth**—Rocks and plain fields.
- l. 64. **Whistles**—Makes a shrill sound.

THE SEA.

Barry Cornwall—Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874). "His poems are rarely more than studied if graceful exercises."

- l. 3. **Bound**—Limit.
- l. 5. **Plays &c.** As in times of storm.
- l. 6. Keeps silent like a child in the cradle.
- l. 8. **Would**—implying *wish*.
- l. 9. **Blue above**—The blue sky.
- l. 11. **Awake**—Arouse, as from slumber ; disturb.
- l. 12. **Ride**—To be borne upon the waves, as *riding* upon a horse.
- l. 14. **Brushing tide**—Sweeping waves.
- l. 15. **Mad**—Furious, turbulent.
- l. 16. Sends forth its shrill notes in tempest.
- l. 19. **Dull, tame**—Silent, noiseless, and so uninteresting to me.
- .. 27. **It**—Redundant.
- Rolled**—Turned upside down.
- .. 31. **Calm and Strife**—In all weathers, rough or quiet.
- ll. 33-34. I have 'been in circumstances to travel in many parts of the earth yet I have wished for no change.
- l. 36. **Unbounded**—Limitless, infinite.

CASABIANCA.

The boy Casabianca was the son of the French Admiral who commanded the flagship *Orient* at the battle of the Nile in 1788. He is described as an obedient son, proud and brave, unmoved by danger and loath to quit his post without his father's word.

- l. 2. **But he &c**—All had fled *but* he had not, (*but* conj : Some read "All but *him* &c"—All fled *without* him—leaving him behind ; but = preposition gov. *him* as *obj*. The *first* reading is commonly accepted.
- l. 6. **To rule &c.**—to command the very elements of nature.

ll. 7-8. Though he was a boy in age and by appearance, heroic blood ran in his veins.

- l. 11 **Faint**—feeble, void of sense and animation.
- l. 14. **Yet**—now that so much time had passed.
- l. 16. **Chieftain**—the admiral..
- l. 19. **But**—only ; *adv. qual. replied booming*—deep-sounding.
- l. 20. **Rolled on**—advanced in long waves.
- l. 21. **Breath**—waves ; the rush of the hot flames.
- l. 23. **Lone post of death**—the place where he stood alone, where his death was certain.
- l. 24. Though without hope of life, he stood silent and brave.
- l. 25. **But**—only.
- l. 27. **Shroud**—the ropes.
- l. 28. **Wreathing**—burning like garlands
- l. 37. **Pennon**—small flag.
- l. 38. **Well had etc**—nobly did their duty.

GIVE.

Adelide Ann Proctor—(1825-1885) daughter of B. W. Procter, ("Barry Cornwall) won real poetical renown by her *Legends and Lyrics*.

ll. 3-4. Carrying their precious contents without expectation to get anything in return or as a reward.

ll. 5-8. To help the rivers in bringing down their treasures, springs contribute their shares from beneath, and showers of rain from above.

l. 9. **Princely**—gaudy.

ll. 13-16. **Lavish**—profuse : *dearth*=poverty : *replenished*—newly—filled in, *adj. to them*, The lines=though the flowers very richly perfume the air around with their sweet scent, yet their precious stock never falls short ; mother earth supplies what is spent, as a reward for their kindness.

ll. 17-24. The stanza gives the moral of the poem. By observing the operation of nature we find that to give lavishly to others, keeps your stock, however small, always plentiful,

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Reginald Heber—(1783-1826) was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, wrote his prize poem in 1803, and a volume of *Hymns* in 1812. In 1823 he accepted the see of Calcutta ; died at Trichinopoly.

l. 1. **Task**—our day's work.

- l. 2. **Moored**—fastened.
- l. 4. **Harbour**—place of rest.
- l. 5. **Painted side**—country boats in Bengal are painted.
- l. 6. **Frigate**—lit=a warship ; here the *boat*.
- l. 8. **Savoury**—emitting sweet scent.
- l. 12. **Told us true**—if his information be correct.
- l. 14. **Hold &c**—occupies his solitary abode of rest.
- l. 15. **Taught by &c**—European hunters have now made their number few, and a few stray ones are to be seen.
- l. 19. **Venomed**—poisonous ; *brake*—wood.
- l. 22. **Nature's embers**—heat of the sun.
- l. 26. **Warder**—a gate-keeper ; a watch. The line—the mortal reptile is fitly posted to guard the tomb.
- l. 29. **Gemming**—brightening.
- l. 31. **Winds**—turns ; goes in a zig-zag course.
- l. 35. **Ananas**—the pine-apple.
- l. 37. **Crest**—bushy top or head.
- l. 38. **Pendent train**—hanging tail.
- l. 40. **Bird &c.**—probably, the rich-plumed *bird of Paradise*.
- ll. 42-43. Even the enchanting scenes frequented by fairies in England are not so cheering as these spots in Bengal.
- l. 45. **But**—Parse as=*that not* a relative with a negative idea ; “good green wood=a common epithet in English ballads.
- ll. 45-49. The sight of such sylvan scenes of Bengal reminds an English traveller of the good green wood and the oak trees of his native land.
- l. 50. **Truce to thought**—a truce is a temporary cessation of hostilities between two combating armies. The line means :—Let us for a time cease from such thoughts as the memory of England would excite, and turn to the scenes of Bengal.
- Revelry**—sound of noisy festivity, the howling noise made by the jackals.
- l. 55. **Opes**—poetical for *opens*.
- l. 59. **Copse**—a contraction of *coppice*=a small underwood.
- l. 60. **Confused**—an adv.
- l. 62. **Virgin**—pure.
- l. 63. **A pearl etc.**—white *dhuturas* unfolding in the darkness of the evening, are compared to a wreath of white pearls around the dark locks of a damsel.

- l. 68. **Liquid strain**—soft, clear note.
- l. 72. **Philomel**—th^o nightingale ; Philomela, daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was changed into a nightingale.
- l. 80. **Betimes**—in proper time, early, *adv.* qual. *find*

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Rudyard Kipling—(1865-1899) Born at Bombay and educated in England ; became principal of the school of Art at Lahore from 1875 to '93 ; died in the United States

- l. 1. **Pledge to the etc**—Take a solemn vow to love thee and strive our best for thy welfare.
- l. 8. **Undefiled heritage**—Race of pure faithful men.
- l. 9. **Yoke**—burden.
- l. 10. **In our time**—when we grow of age.
- l. 13. **Alway**—the final *s* is elided to rhyme with *day*.
- l. 14. **Controlled and cleanly**—keeping ourselves pure and moderate.
- l. 16. **No maimed etc**—well developed and fit line of successors.
- ll. 17-20 Let us depend on thee alone and not on men to approve our conduct in the world so as not to care for the opinion of others.
- ll. 21-22. Strengthen our mind so as never to injure or oppress the feeble and the weak.
- l. 23. **Under Thee**—by thy instructions.
- l. 24. We may manfully gird up our loins to relieve the sufferings of our fellowmen.
- l. 26. **Mirth etc.**—let us acquire the power to enjoy pleasure from innocent sources.
- l. 27. Let us freely forgive and forget the wrong done to us by our fellowmen.
- l. 28. **Love to all**—universal charity.
- ll. 31-32. We promise to devote all that lies in us to the uplifting of thy condition.

THE RIVULET.

- l. 1. 3. **Hymn**—the soft noise of the breeze as it flows through the tops of the pine.
- l. 7. **Field...sun**—bright sunny fields.
- l. 9. **Glide**—pass imperceptibly.

- l. 13. **Harebell**—the name of the flower *bluebell*.
- l. 18. **Woke**—opened ; bloomed.
- l. 23. **Carry the etc**—make the city full of joy.

THE TIGER.

William Blake—(1757-1827) a painter and poet, known as the greatest mystic poet of the western world.

l. 1. **Symmetry**—harmonious proportion of your terrorising limbs.

l. 5. **Deepes etc**—depths of the earth or heavenly regions. The fiery glare of your eyes has nothing of the earth about it.

ll. 7-8. Bold must be the flight of Him that brought it down from heaven and daring the hand that seized it.

l. 10. **Twist etc**.—make your heart so strong.

ll. 13-16. Superhuman must be the power that made you so strong and terrible.

ll. 17-20. Incongruously harmonious are the productions of God. The same heavenly powers that throw down deadly spears, showered the heaven with water. The meek lamb and the ferocious tiger are His creations.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

l. 2. **Tarry**—Delay.

l. 3. **Silver pound**—a silver coin=1s. 8d. **Row over**=Cross ; parse as gerundial inf.

l. 5. **Loch**—Scottish for *lake*.

l. 10. **Days**—Parse as adv. obj.

l. 12. **My blood etc**—He would slay me on the spot.

l. 15. **Hard**—Close ; adv. to "behind".

l. 15. **Bonny**—Dear.

l. 17. **Wight**—Person.

20. **Winsome**—Lovely.

l. 25. **By this**—By this time ; *apace*—rapidly.

l. 26. **Wraith**—Spirit. The shriek of water—sprites is indicative of the future catastrophe.

l. 17. **Scowl**—Gloomy appearance-

l. 32. **Trampling**—The sound of the horses' hoofs ; parse as *verbal noun*.

l. 35. **Raging**—Violence.

l. 39. No hand was strong enough to prevent the gathering of the storm.

l. 42. **Fast prevailing**—Growing more and more horrible.

l. 43. **Fatal shore**—Because from this place, he came to know of his daughter's death.

l. 44. **Wrath**—Anger ; *wailing*—lamentation ; he gave up anger, and began to lament.

l. 45. **Sore dismayed**—Utterly frightened—*shade*=gloom.

l. 53. **Lashed**...Dashed against.

l. 54. **Preventing**—rendering impossible.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

l. 2. **I come etc**—The appearance of spring is noticed first on the upper parts of mountains by the light of the sun and the song of birds.

l. 3. **Trace**—Mark, *wakening*—arising as it were, from the torpor of winter.

l. 5. The primrose flowers blooming all over the dark green grass, appear like innumerable stars shining in the sky.

l. 7. **South**—The southern countries of Spain and Portugal which abound with chestnuts.

l. 9. **Ancient**=old ; *Fanes*=Temples ; "Italy more than any other country, contains the ruins of Roman grandeur ; in particular, the ancient tombs in the Campagna near Rome, are meant." C. H. Tawney.

l. 10. **Are veiled etc.**—Covered all over with garlands of chestnut flowers.

ll. 11-12. The mentioning of tombs and the associated ideas of ruin and decay are not compatible with the joyful hour of my arrival.

l. 13 **Stormy north**—The Scandinavian peninsula.

Tassel—Bunch.

l. 17. **Fringe**—Outline, border.

ll. 21-22. **Night-bird**—Nightingale. *Hesperian*—of Spain and Portugal, where the nightingale is more abundant than in England.

l. 23. **Swan**—The wild swan which abounds in the northern parts of Europe.

l. 25. **Loosed the chain**—The frozen water is melted and flows in a stream at the approach of spring.

l. 28. **Flinging spray**—Throwing out water drops all around,

l. 29. **Sparry Caves**...Hollows in crystal-white rocks.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) best known for his sonnets. Johnson called him no poet ; Coleridge, Hazlitt and Lamb praised him.

l. 6. **Travail**—Suffer pain of child-birth; here, undergo extreme pain.

l. 7. We may live together and enjoy pleasure.

ll. 15-16. Men desirous of winning fame and honour should never waste time and fritter away their abilities in merriment.

l. 18. **That unreal name**—*viz.* fame, which is unsubstantial, resting in the mere breath of others.

l. 20. **Fame**—Report.

l. 19. **Thing conceived**.—*i.e.* an idea, a mere thought.

ll. 21-24. The desire to win fame and honour serves only to take away the peace of our mind and prevents us from enjoying mirth and rest : the wiser course is therefore to give up such idea and make ourselves happy. *Begotten*—engendered ; *molest*=disturb : *beguile*=to deceive or deprive ourselves of.

ll. 25-28. Even if we do not aspire after honour or fame, yet, as human beings it behoves us not to waste our time in pleasure and merriment ; *wear*=waste, spend idly ; *delicious*=charming.

ll. 29-30. If, as you say, enjoyment were to be the sole object of our life, labour and toil would add a relish to our pleasures.

ll. 31-32. Continued enjoyment of ease, becomes tedious just as labour becomes vexatious. *Likewise*=in the same manner.

ll. 33-36. Thus toil appear to be alleviated by pleasures and if you foolishly avoid enjoyment, toil will become doubly tedious ; and make your life burdensome. *Shore*=land, a place of rest, a haven as it were, which toil (like a vessel) strives to attain ; *tends*=goes or sails toward ; *while*—parse as *noun*, adv. obj. to *perish*.

ll. 37-40. Those that have recourse to a variety of enjoyments never grow tired of pleasures ; and it must be remembered that pleasures are capable of being varied just as action and labour ; *disport*=play ; *them*=hemselves, in apposition with *who* (=they who) ; *day*=time.

ll. 41-44. What seems irksome and repulsive to ordinary men, in-

vigorates men of heroic nature; these are as much delighted with exploits as you are in pleasure and mirth; *toils*—snares, difficult tasks; *save*—toils etc.

ll. 45-48. Men of heroic stuff feel an inward pleasure when they reflect upon their last exploits; while the thoughts of past pleasure enfeeble the mind and remind men of their utter worthlessness; *Are recreated*—are refreshed, gratified. *nom.*=*natures* above.

FROM INDIA.

William Cox Beunett—LL.D. (1829-1895), song-writer, born at Greenwich.

l. 1. **Indies**—India.

l. 2. **Aught**—anything.

The gallant 90th—the column of 100 Highlanders organised by Sir Henry Havelock, engaged during the Indian Mutiny in 1857.

l. 7. **Rank and file**—the entire regiment. *Rank*=soldiers standing side by side; *file*=soldiers forming the depth of a battalion.

l. 10. **Word for word**—exactly as the words he told.

l. 13. **Havlock's fights**—Sir Henry Havelock who distinguished himself in the Afghan and the Sikh wars. In the Indian Mutiny he relieved Cawnpur and Lucknow.

l. 15. **Untouched by steel or ball**—escaping the sword and the bullet of the mutineers.

l. 18. **Rose on high**—reached God himself; *high*—Noun obj.

l. 20. **Darling**—dim. of *dear*.

l. 22. **Despatch**—the report.

l. 24. **But**=that not.

l. 26. **Pays me etc.**—makes recompense for all my cares.

l. 29. **Bronzed and tanned**—His complexion has become copper-coloured and his skin wrinkled owing to the intense heat of the tropical sun.

l. 31. **His talk's of you**=His talk is of you.

l. 22. **Home**—adv. obj. to 'is.'

l. 35. **Keep cool**—pacify your mind; do not get excited.

TUBAL CAINE.

Tubal Caine—(Gen. iv. 22)—The father of the art of forging and managing iron and of making all kinds of iron work.

l. 4. **Rung**—sounded.

- l. 5. **Brawny**—muscular.
- l. 8. **Fashion**—form ; make.
- ll. 11-12. Men shall conquer and govern by using the sword and the spear ; *wield*—manage.
- l. 15. **Wrought**—worked.
- Roaring**—The noise of the forge.
- l. 16. **The crown**—the most valuable object he desired.
- l. **Glee**—joy.
- l. 22. **Anew**—fresh.
- l. 24. **True**—faithful ; serviceable.
- l. 32. **Lust for Carnage**—desire for bloodshed.
- Blind**—adj. to *men*, l. 29.
- l. 36. **To slay etc.**—It is miserable that I devised and made the sword and the spear to be the instrument of human slaughter.
- l. 38. **Brooding...woe**—pondering on the misery he brought upon mankind.
- l. 39. **Forbare to smite**—ceased from beating the iron.
- l. 40. **Smouldered**—Burnt slowly.
- l. 45. **My handicraft**—The instrument I prepared with my hand.
- ll. 49, 50. **Taught wisdom**—men knowing the evils of war desisted from bloodshed and became friends.
- l. 52. **Willing hands**—ready to repay the labour of cultivation.
- l. 54. **Staunch**—steadfast.

THE DAY IS DONE.

- l. 2. **Wings**—night is compared to a bird.
- l. 3. **Wafted**—shot down.
- l. 8. **Resist**—check.
- l. 10. **Akin etc.**—not exactly proceeding from actual pain.
- l. 14. **Simple...lay**—a plain song touching the heart.
- l. 17. **Grand old masters**—master-pieces of poets.
- l. 18. **Sublime**—famous for lofty sentiments.
- ll. 19-20. Whose poems still echo through the lapse of ages.
- Corridor**—an open gallery communicating with separate chambers.
- ll. 21-23—Just as military music excites in us the idea of havoc and destruction so the loftiest strain of these mighty poets suggests to us the troubles and hardships of life.
- l. 29. **Who**—referring to poet, l. 25. The poet who in the midst of

the troubles and tumults of life felt peace and left harmonious melodies for mankind.

l. 34 **Restless pulse of care**—sense of unrest arising from feverish excitement.

l. 35. **Benediction**—blessing ; the other form of the word is *Banison*.

l. 39. **Rhyme**—poem.

l. 42. **Infest**—Disturb.

ll. 43-44 As the nomadic tribes of Arabia shut their tents and disappear silently, so the scenes of the day shall depart.

THE POND.

l. 3 **Weeping willow**—commonly planted in churchyards, the hanging branches being an emblem of sorrow.

l. 4. **Dipped in**—dived into the water.

l. 5. **Repair**—go.

l. 6. **Feast**—feed themselves.

l. 8. **Retreat**—secluded abode.

l. 10. I can hardly express in verse the nature of the conversation, they held among themselves.

l. 12. **Baffles**—Frustrates.

l. 14. **Pass in and out**—going to and fro.

l. 16. **Of all things**—To do so became the dearest object of his life.

l. 26. **Luck**—Fortune ; chance.

l. 27. **Spite of**—in spite of.

l. 29. **In flew**—flew or dived into the water

l. 31. **Turned round**—ran adrift.

l. 40. **Discoursed**—discussed about.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

Sir Henry Wotton—(1568-1639)—an excellent scholar and poet.

l. 1. **Happy**—pred. adj. to 'He.'

l. 2 **Serveth...will**—is not subservient to others.

l. 3. **Armour**—defence ; lit.—coat of arms. Who is always protected by his own innocent thoughts.

l. 4. **Simple**—plain. **Skill**—endeavour. Who only tells the truth as it is, without making use of tricks to realise his projects.

l. 6. His sinless soul prepares him for death whenever it may come.

ll. 7-8. Who does not care for public esteem or the private opinions of men. **Untied**—unbound.

l. 9. Who is not envious of the prosperity of others who have become high by luck or dishonesty.

l. 11. Who is fortunate to escape the flattery that is intended to injure.

l. 12. **Rules of state**—politics ; state-craft. **Rules of good**—moral principles.

ll. 13-14. Who leads a good life so that nobody can spread evil report against him, and who is guided by the dictates of his conscience.

ll. 15, 16. Whose prosperity does not support flatterers or enable others to rise upon his ruins.

l. 17. **Late and early**.—morning and evening ; at all seasons. **Grace**.—mercy of God.

l. 18. Who constantly prays, not for worldly gifts but for God's mercy.

l. 19. **Entertains**—passes away. **Harmless day**—day spent in innocence.

l. 21. **This man**—Such as is described in the poem.

l. 22. **Servile bands &c**—mean aspirations for worldly prosperity. **Fear to fall**—anxiety for reverses of fortune.

l. 23. **Lord of himself**—because he has made himself master of his passions and desires.

l. 24. **Having nothing &c**—Though poor as regards worldly position he is rich in mind with contentment

THE HONEST MAN.

l. 2. **He that &c**.—When the mind is steadfastly directed towards good purposes.

l. 3. **True**—faithful : unswerving.

l. 4. **Force nor fawning**—neither violence nor flattery can upset his mind. **Unpin**—unfix

l. 5. **Wrench &c. due**—Who never swerves from doing justice where he finds it proper.

ll. 6-8. Whose mind never swerves from honesty by the trials of life. **Ruffling wind**—adverse circumstances. **Glittering &c**—who is never swayed by the fawning or brightening looks of sycophants.

l. 9. Who merrily and steadfastly pursues his moderate course in life. **Trot**—is the merry and slow gait of a horse.

l. 10. **While the world &c**—Whatever may be the course of the world around him, he steadfastly follows his own path.

l. 12. **Nor...nor**—neither—nor.

l. 13. **The meaning is**—considers properly the circumstances under which the *trials* happen.

l. 14, 15. Striking a balance of all the events, he deals with men as he thinks proper.

l. 16. **Woo**—flatter cajole.

l. 20. **All of a piece**—his words and deeds are of the same character, proceeding as they do, from his bold conviction.

l. 21. **Melts or thaws at**—*i.e.*, succumbs, or gives way to.

ll. 22-23. The sun sets before the darkness of night, but his righteousness continues through all times.

l. 25. Others do not shrink from committing sins in the darkness of night, but this man continues virtuous for ever—Cf. Milton:—"When night darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons of Belial."

ll. 27-28 Who makes ample allowance for men and women, because they are naturally liable to frailties.

l. 30 Though others prove faithless to him he continues firm and steadfast.

l. 31. **Procure**—tempt, sway.

l. 32. **Runs bias &c.**—Though the world differs from him or goes against him. **Bias**=a weight in a bowl which makes it lean on one side hence, a one-sided inclination or prejudice; metaphor from a *game at bowls*.

l. 34. **Markman**—a man of prominent distinction in the human community.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

ll. 1-2—Who does not wish for more than his small inheritance of ancestral property.

l. 8. **In winter fire**—he gets his winter fuel from the trees on his land.

l. 10 **Soft**—in happiness.

ll. 14-15—He passes his time pleasantly, alternately reading good books and taking rest, and thus never feels disgusted with life. **Sweet**—pleasant. **Recreation**—pastime. **Meditation**—contemplation of things serious.

l. 17. **Unknown**—not famous among men.

l. 19-20. **Still**—passes imperceptibly away from the world, without drawing any one's attention. The lines mean—I do not wish my memory to be perpetuated by even a tombstone. **Stone**—tombstone

ROSABELLE.

This poem is a *ballad* forming a part of Sir W. Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The tragic idea pervades all through and lies in the death of the heroine.

l. 2. **Feat of arms**—display of bravery in managing weapons.
Lay—song (noun).

ll. 56. **Moor**—fasten. **Deign**—condescend.

ll. 7-8. **Rest thee—thée**=thyself: *tempt* contraction of *attempt*, brave.

l. 10. **Inch**—Scottish for *island*. The whole stanza is indicative of superstitions (1) about the appearance of sea-gulls before an approaching storm (2) the water-spirits shrieking before impending death by drowning.

l. 13. **Seer**—One who *sees* and forecasts the future.

l. 23. **Ring they ride**—riding at the ring, technically called *tilting*, in which a rider ran at full speed through a suspended ring.

l. 23. **Chide**—find fault with, blame.

ll. 31-32. These caves or *caverns* were excavated as places of shelter of Scottish herdsmen from incursions of the English army,

l. 33. **All on fire**—all ablaze—the tradition ran that the castle was invariably seen ablaze, before the death of any one of the St. Clairs.

l. 39. The pillars of the Roslin Chapel were wreaths of foliage.

l. 42. **Rose-carved buttress**—A *rose* is a circular ornament. There seems to be a fanciful analogy between *rose* and *Roslin* as also probably with the name of the heroine *Rosabelle*.

l. 44. **St. Clair**—The family name of the Barons of Roslin.

l. 30. **With candle &c**—The expression was originally used in connection with the ceremony of *excommunication*; here, to be buried with the full rites of the Christian Church.

THE SCHOLAR.

The poem describes that the poet lived his life in the midst of books, from which he drew the pleasures and the consolation of his life. Valuable moral instructions were derived from them with which he desired for everlasting companionship after death.

l. 1. **Days**=life—sometimes means prosperous times.

Dead—books of authors now dead and gone.

l. 3. **Casual eyes**—In whatever way I happen to cast my eyes, *i.e.*, all around.

l. 4. **Mighty minds**—works of powerful and impressive authors now
 •• more.

l. 6. **Converse**—hold communion or conversation : **day by day—**
 daily.

ll. 7-8. **Take delight &c.**—I derive all pleasures and consolations
 from them. (The poet however, was deprived of this consolation during
 the last 3 years of his life, owing to failing intellect.)

ll. 11-12. Tears of gratitude trickle down my cheeks when I think of
 the benefits I derived from them.

ll. 19-22. The poet hopes for the happy companionship of his fond
 authors in the next world.

All futurity—all days to come in the next world.

ll. 23-24. The idea is that Southey's fame as an author will continue
 to live in this world after he is dead and gone from it.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

The poem boldly refutes the false philosophy that human life is hollow
 and unsubstantial.

Psalm—A sacred song.

This poem is called a *psalm* on account of its didactic character.

l. 1. **Numbers**—verses.

l. 2. **Empty dream**—That human life is of no use and is unsubstan-
 tial like a dream.

ll. 3-4. **The soul etc. etc.**—Life is not to be regarded as an empty
 dream because the cessation of all activities would render our life useless
 and dead.

And things etc.—The external appearance of what we see around us
 in life presents a faint semblance of its reality.

ll. 5-6. **Earnest**—Real, serious. **Goal**—Final end or destination.
 Life does not end in death because there is life beyond the grave.

ll. 7-8. **Dust thou art**—This is a quotation from the Bible. God
 created man after his own image from the dust of the earth ; after death
 this body turns into dust.

Was not etc.—The soul is everlasting and cannot die like the body.

ll. 9-10. **Not—not**—Neither—nor. God never intends that we should
 simply enjoy pleasures or suffer everlasting misery in this life. Progressive
 work is what he intends for man.

l. 13. **Ars Longa, vita Brevis**—Human life is too short for the

accomplishment of all its works ; so constant practice and activity is necessary for perfection.

ll. 15.16. **Like muffled drums etc.**—Drums are covered up to deaden the sound and make it more solemn. Man however strong is daily advancing towards the grave. The *beating* of man's heart is compared to the beating of drums in a funeral procession.

ll. 16-17. Life is here compared (i) to a battle-field where constant strife and contention is going on among men ; (ii) to a temporary place of rest in our eternal life ; for these two ideas cf. Gray's *Elegy*—“Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife” and the idea in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

l. 21. **Trust no future**—never build on a future hope or brood over a past mischance, but make the best use of the present moment.

l. 24. **Heart, God**—Nominatives absolute, to *being*.

l. 25. **Lives of great men etc**—The biographies of great men inspire us with the idea that we can make our life as useful as they did and our example may be followed by posterity.

Life's solemn main—The great sea of life. **Take heart**—Be courageous.

l. 33. **Up and doing**—Prompt and active.

l. 34. **Heart for any fate**—Prepare for all misfortunes that may overtake you in life.

ll. 35-36. **Achieving**—accomplishing the work of life.

In spite of the reverses of fortune man's duty is to go on working and be happy.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

l. 3. **Hues of sober grey**—dim, solemn darkness of evening.

l. 4. **Paly gold**—of a *pale* or *modest* yellow colour.

l. 5. **Owing long &c**—The poet long cherished the idea of offering this modest tribute of a song, which may not be appreciated long. **Transient**—short-lived.

l. 10. **Lonely light &c**—The modest splendour of the primrose will leave a lasting impress in my heart.

Scattered—unfolded all around.

ll. 13-16. **Their**—referring to *blossoms* in l. 10. **Greet**—welcome ; inf. gov. by *mark* in l. 13. **Shine**—parse as *great* above.

l. 17. **When cares &c**—The evening is commonly the time when melancholy thoughts find their natural vent.

l. 19. **Friendship's animating smile &c**—The poet's heart is in sympathetic consonance with the modest melancholy unfolded by the flower.

l. 23. **Bears the sinking &c**—As the primrose sheds its lustre, even in the dewy evening, so friendship and sympathy cheers up the drooping spirit of those it loves, and dispels all fears.

l. 25. **More and marking etc**,—If it were possible for a meek-minded religious man to discover signs of God's heavenly mercy in the dim beauty of the primrose, it would be more cheering to the drooping mind of man.

More...far—to a greater extent than what *friendship* and *sympathy* calls forth (see ll. 19 and 23).

ll. 29-32. As the blooming beauty of the primrose cheers up the gloomy evening, so the idea that God's mercy will spread beyond the grave and shine over us in the life to come, will cheer up the drooping heart of man.

Hope—in apposition with *hope* in line 28.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Celandine—a perennial plant of the *poppy* family, bearing yellow flowers.

ll. 1—Better flowers like pansies &c.. will have their own admirers and their praise in writing, but the little *celandine* which unlike the primrose &c. unfolds its beauty ever and everywhere is more congenial to my humble liking.

Story—history or written record.

l. 12. **Rout**—multitude ; **Trow**—archaic for *trust*. The lines mean—there are men who with a heavenly flight seek to study and discover the properties of celestial bodies, but humble as I am, I am contented with thee. **Make a stir**—make a grand move.

ll. 17-18. **An elf &c.**—*i.e.*, a flower which boldly sets itself ever and anon before all.

l. 23. **Go where I may**—wherever I may be.

l. 24. **Greetings**—Salutations. The meaning—I may enjoy your sight times without number.

l. 25. **Ere a leaf etc.**—The idea is—the little celandine heralds the approach of spring, the pleasant season when sunlight makes its appearance and trees wear leaves.

ll. 29-30. **Spreading etc.**—Gaily showing your beauty to every one.

1. 31. **Telling tales etc**—announcing the advent of day-light long before the sun appears.

1. 33-34 **Poets etc**—Poets have a fancy of their own, running away from the beauty of things admired by the multitude.

1. 36. **Wanton wooers**—i.e., their love is never constant.

11. 37 &c. The dweller of the cottage who hardly sees things abroad, feels a real love for you, grappling you to his heart.

11. 41-42. **Comfort etc**—modest as you are, you are inwardly comforted by your own qualities.

1. 43. **Careless etc**—irrespective of the class of men with whom you may be surrounded.

1. 46. **There is not a place etc**—you are to be seen in every place

11. 49-50. **Ill befall etc**—may evil betide the gaudy flowers like butter-cups that obtrusively hold their beauty before men.

1. 53. **Lofty mien**—vain, ambitious attitude.

1. 54. **Worldlings**—those devoted to worldly possessions.

1. 55 **Taken praise etc**—Those proud flowers vainly appropriate to themselves the glory that should properly belong to thee.

1. 57. **Prophet of delight and mirth**—because the celandine heralds the approach of the delightful, sunny beam of spring.

1. 60. **A joyous train ensuing**—the flower is followed by things delightful upon earth.

1. 63. **As dost behove**—as is proper or decent.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Epitaph—an inscription upon a tombstone.

11. 1-2. —**In the van etc**—Are you brought up in statesmanship? **Van**—forefront; lit=the front part of an army, as opposed to the *rear* (=the hind part) and the *flanks* (=the side portions, right and left). The idea is that men bred in politics or the art of government are invariably given to falsehood and dissembling and shut their eyes to the good of mankind; they should first learn to love living men, before they can be expected to sympathise with the dead in the grave. For this idea cf. *Gray* :—

“The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide.
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame.”

ll. 8-9. **The hardness of thy coward eye**—advocacy; the lawyers' profession renders them cruelly unconscientious and blind to truth.

l. 9. **Purple cheer**—of a robust, ruddy countenance.

l. 12. **Cushion**—a comfortable seat.

l. 14. **Man of chaff**—a weakling.

ll. 15-16. **Lay aside etc**—divest yourself of your bloody appearance and put on a milder form.

l. 17. **Fingering slave**—one abjectly handling and scrutinizing matters.

l. 19. **Peep and botanize**—prying into the mysteries of nature.

l. 21. **Sensual fleece**—clad in robe of luxury.

l. 23. **That he etc**—So that the dead man may "sleep well in the grave."

l. 26. **Sod**—the turf which marks the grave.

ll. 27, 28. **He has etc**—Being "all concentered in self," the moralist takes no heed of the world around him, or the sanctity of God.

ll. 22-30. The moralist's mind is smooth, and takes no impression of anything beyond his own self.

l. 33. **Shut alone etc**—Lest anything of the outer world would enter. **Latch**—bolt.

l. 35. **Tickings**—i.e., seconds, as counted upon the watch.

l. 38. **Russet brown**—clad in homely robe.

l. 40. **Their**—refers to "brooks" in l. 39.

l. 43. **You must etc**—You must love him before you can appreciate his worth.

ll. 47-48. **Impulses etc**—a close observation of the objects of nature fills his mind with an awful impression.

ll. 51-52. The sense of awful grandeur in nature is the outcome of his contemplative temperament.

ll. 55-56. **Contented etc**—Sensible of his weakness all through life, he feels contented if he can understand the world as others have done.

RULE BRITANNIA.

The student will do well, to compare these lines with D. L. Roy's *Bharatbarsha*.

l. 2. **Azure main**—The deep blue ocean.

l. 3. **This was etc**—The last two lines "Rule...Slaves" refer to the divine right, conferred, as it were, upon Britain.

l. 4. **Guardian angels**—Heavenly beings sent down for man's protection, his peace and purity, *cf.* the opening lines of Milton's *Comus*.

l. 7. **Thee**—Thou.

l. 8. **To tyrants fall**—Shall be a prey to oppressive rulers.

l. 9. **Great and free**—The mightiest of all nations and enjoying the highest liberty

l. 10. **The dread and envy**—The object of fear and jealousy.

l. 13. **Foreign stroke**—Invasion of enemies from outside.

l. 15. **But**—Only.

l. 17. **Tame**—Subdue.

l. 18. **Hurl thee down**—Enslave you.

l. 19. **Generous flame**—High sense of pride arising from courage.

l. 20. **Work their woe**—Bring ruin upon themselves.

l. 22. **Rural reign**—Agricultural improvement

l. 23. **Commerce shine**—Referring to the world-wide commercial prosperity of England.

l. 24. **All thine etc**—Yours shall be the supreme sway on water.

l. 27. **The muses**—The nine sisters presiding over fine arts and sciences—deities of the Greek Mythology.

Still with freedom found—flourishing in free countries.

l. 28. **Repair**—Go into ; immigrate.

l. 30. **Manly hearts**—Thy brave people shall possess the chivalrous spirit of protecting the fair sex.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Treasures—Things valuable.

l. **Main**—the high sea ; ocean.

l. 4. **Unrecked of etc**—uncared for, and so wasting their bright beauty.

l. 7. **Yet**—Still. l. 8. **Untold**—that cannot be counted ; massive.

l. 10. **Won from royal Argosies**—You have received these treasures, as spoils from the destruction of princely and richly-laden merchant vessels. **Argosy**—lit.=a ship belonging to *Ragusa*, a port on the Adriatic.

l. 11. **Wrathful**—angry.

l. 16. **Sea-weed**—The long grass overtops the mouldering walls of festal palaces now sunk beneath the sea.

l. 17. **Scornful play**—You scornfully play with their destruction.
Cf. Byron's Address to the Ocean.

l. 20. **High hearts**—*i.e.*, those that have sacrificed their lives in naval war and have found a watery grave.

l. 22. **Battle thunders**—the noise of guns.

l. 24. I request you to restore these brave hearts, keeping to yourself the gems and pearls.

l. 26. **The place was etc**—The same idea is contained in W. Irving's Sketch Book. (*The voyage*).

Yearning woke etc—The songs of revelry were stopped amid the yearnings of the surviving relatives of the deceased.

l. 31. **To thee etc**—Many a fair female has wafted her sighs beneath thy waters for their sweet-hearts.

l. 35. **Reclaim**—get back.

TO A BEE.

l. 1. **Out betimes**—abroad in proper time or early. *Parse betimes* as adv. qual. *wert*.

l. 4. **Trace**—footmarks.

l. 7. **Working late**—gathering honey very late in the evening, mark the contrast with "out betimes" l. 1. See. l. 10.

l. 8. **Cistus**—the plant known as *rock-rose* bearing beautiful flowers.

l. 15. **Miser**—the bee is so called because she is always bent upon gathering honey and hoarding it in the hive without enjoying even a bit. see below l. 17 and l. 24.

l. 18. **Wise lesson**—viz. to strive to gather but never to enjoy.

l. 20. **The end etc**—How your hard labour terminates. The honey which she hoards up goes for the master of the hive.

l. 23. **All thy work etc**—after you have worked so hard all through the year.

l. 24. **Spoil**—what is taken by violence.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

l. 3. **Hale...hearty**—healthy and cheerful—in contrast with "old" in l. 1.

ll. 7-8. I lived a cautious life without undermining my health.

l. 15. **Thought of the future**—With a wise foresight I lived so as to leave no room for repentance.

l. 18. **Hastening away**—fast advancing.

l. 19. **Love to converse etc**—You cheerfully talk of death. Cf. the idea in the *Happy Man*:—"whose soul is all prepared for death."

1. 22. **Let etc**—Carefully attend to the cause.
 11. 23-24. I have lived a godly life, never forgetting God, and thus He never forsakes me even in my old age.

DARA

11. 1-2. When vice became rife and the fate of the Persian Empire tottered in the hands of a weak ruler.

11. 3-4. When the condition of the empire became morally rotten, and misfortunes and disasters gathered around, just as when vultures smell a rotten carcass

1. 5 **Nature balanced etc**—of a fixed and steady temperament, like a star that moves in a fixed course under the laws of nature.

1. 7. **Fleecy subjects**—flocks of sheep

1. 9. **Secure and quiet etc**—By his charming influence he made his own village peaceful and prosperous.

1. 11. **Under his sway etc**—His wise influence spread through the surrounding villages, and peace, religion and justice were restored in the whole country.

1. 13. **Fortuned**—It so happened by chance.

1. 14. **Brain etc**—Filled the land once more with intelligent, wise and brave men.

1. 16 **Mountain shepherd**—Meaning Dara.

1. 17. **Refilled etc**—Restored the country to peace and prosperity.

1. 18. **Satrapy**—governorship of a province.

1. 19. **Shepherded**—managed, like his own fold.

1. 20 **Nor in his etc**—*sceptre*=the badge of governor's authority; *crook*=the staff of a shepherd. The line means=Dara was as much meek and humble when he became a satrap as when he was a shepherd.

11. 21-24. Slanderers are more plentiful in populous cities than in obscure villages.

11. 23-24. Just as the bright rays of the sun produce fogs in a marshy land, so the frank nature of an innocent man like Dara is apt to rouse jealousy in the minds of wicked people. **Marish**—marsh.

1. 25. **Hissed**—Whispered, commonly used of a serpent.

11. 28. **Behest**—Command.

11. 29-30. It was true that the province yielded more and more income under Dara's government, but he secretly reserved the best part of the treasure for himself when counting the money up for the royal coffers.

- l. 31. **For proof**—as evidence for the allegations set forth.
- l. 32. **Beneath etc**—*i.e.*, too heavy for the camel to bear.
- l. 36. **Sheen**—Shining bright
- l. 39. **Stately train**—Splendid retinue.
- l. 42. **Guilt was plain**—Dara's offence became plainly manifest before the king's eyes.
- l. 44. **Worn Shepherd's vest**—The tattered garment of a shepherd
- ll. 50-51. To enable me to rule wisely, I kept myself constantly reminded of my proper position as a shepherd. **Leal**—loyal, true.
- l. 54. **Bend men etc**—a high and lofty position is apt to turn a man's head and lead him astray from virtue and justice.
- ll. 55-56. But for the idea that I was still the shepherd of old, I could not govern my province properly.
- l. 60. Dara became invested with the governorship of two more satrapies.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

- l. 1. **Apart from etc**—Leaving aside the fact that he gloried in manslaughter.
- l. 3.—**The traits etc**—those features for which we admire Napoleon's life.
- l. 5. **Boulogne**—a seaport of France on the English channel.
- l. 10. **Unprisoned etc**—the sailor was for reasons not known allowed to roam at large on the sea coast. **Aye**—always, ever.
- l. 14. **Halfway over**—up to the middle of the Eng. Channel.
- l. 16. **The cliffs**—the chalk cliffs of Dover, from which England was called *Albion* island by the Romans
- l. 19. **If but etc**—Any thing would be better than staying away from his native land.
- l. 22. **Doating**—Eagerly longing for
- l. 23. **Hogshead**—a barrel containing more than 50 gallons.
- l. 24. **Shoreward**—towards the sea-shore—an adv.
- l. 26. **Wrought the livelong day**—worked at the barrel all day long, to make it fit for floating. **Lurking**—hiding himself to avoid detection.
- l. 27. **Launched etc**—after hard labour floated the hogshsad, making it into a small boat.
- l. 30. **Ploughing etc**—a metaphorical idea implying—a *vessel*